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## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

The President's Message.  
Christmas Shine and Shade.  
"What is an Architect?"  
A Prostitute and her Carriage.  
Steel Making at Sheffield.  
Engagements.  
Captain Hill and his Wife.

The Ramsgate Murders.  
Our University Letter.  
THE "LONDON REVIEW" CHURCH  
COMMISSION:—  
No. XXXVIII.—The Diocese of Dur-  
ham.—No. 3.—The University,  
Ushaw College, and the City  
Schools.

FINE ARTS:—  
Gustave Doré.  
The London Theatres.—Christmas  
Entertainments.  
SCIENCE.  
MONEY AND COMMERCE.  
REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—  
Prehistoric Times.

The Doctrines of Acceptance and  
Atonement.  
Miss Berry's Journal and Corre-  
spondence (Second Notice).  
Christmas Stories.  
Illustrated Gift-Books (Second Notice).  
Short Notices.  
Literary Gossip.  
List of New Publications for the Week.

## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE approach of Christmas naturally causes a lull in domestic politics. Amidst the preparations for that festive season which is now close upon us, the voice of discord and controversy is hushed, and we all willingly postpone to a more suitable occasion the discussion of questions which are likely to excite dissension or to cause irritation. If Mr. Bright had not spoken last week at Birmingham, we should probably have had no single topic on which to hang the most cursory remarks in this department of our week's review. But the honourable member for the hardware-metropolis is not only eloquent himself, but the abundant cause of eloquence in others. His oratory has upon the lights and leaders of the Conservative party the familiar effect of the red rag upon the bull; and if they cannot answer what he says, they never fail to rail against him for saying it. Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald's speech at Horsham the other day was, we suppose, intended as a reply to the heavy bill of indictment which Mr. Bright had brought against the Tories. We cannot, however, say that it contained anything calculated to reassure us as to their intentions or their principles. Of course, Mr. Disraeli's clever lieutenant is far too astute to declare himself adverse to any extension of the franchise; on the contrary, he would have us believe that there are few things which he desires so much as to admit the working classes to a fair share of political power. But then he cannot find any scheme which satisfies him as being sufficiently safe. He desires not to go too far, and yet to find some spot where he can stop and say—"Here we stand on principle." Until he discovers this secure resting-place, he will do nothing, and will oppose every practical measure for solving, at least temporarily, the question by which we are embarrassed. This is in reality a policy of obstruction under a disguise so thin that it can deceive no one. As such it will be regarded by the country; and as such it will, if persisted in, add another to the long list of fruitless, but mischievous, efforts which the same party have made to arrest the development of our institutions. Mr. Fitzgerald was more successful on the purely personal topics upon which he touched. Those who agree most thoroughly with Mr. Bright are often pained by the undue asperity with which he comments on the conduct of "the governing classes;" and there is some foundation for the remark that the opposition to parliamentary reform arises almost as much from the middle ranks as from those which may be called "noble" or "wealthy." The sharp contrast which Mr. Bright is too often in the habit of drawing between the condition of the labouring classes in the manufacturing and agricultural districts, is certainly not warranted by the evidence adduced before the Commission

which lately inquired into the employment of children; nor is it unfair to remind an honourable member who claims to be in a peculiar sense the champion of the labouring millions, that he made the grand mistake of opposing the Ten Hours Bill, by which they have been incalculably benefited. But, after all, these are small points. Personal *tu quoques* are very effective in debate; but they leave untouched the merits of the great controversy which will have to be fought out in the next Session of Parliament. If the country be, as we believe, really in earnest, it will not be turned aside from its demand for a real measure of parliamentary reform by the most spirited invectives against Mr. Bright, or even by the justest criticisms upon the errors of taste or argument into which he may fall.

"Le roi est mort; vive le roi!" The death of King Leopold has been followed almost immediately by the installation of his successor, and it is impossible to read the accounts of the demonstrations which then took place, without a great accession to our confidence in the stability of the Belgian kingdom. So long as the Belgians continue united; so long as they prize their independent existence as a free and separate people more than a share in the glory or the power of a larger State, we do not believe that any serious attempt will be made to absorb or annex them. Dissensions at home must precede and pave the way for foreign invasion or intervention. But to all appearances they have at present a very keen sense of the value of independence, and although party strife runs high amongst them, it does not interfere with patriotism or render them indifferent to nationality. The enthusiasm with which they welcomed their new Sovereign is all the more noteworthy because he was not particularly popular as Duke of Brabant. It must have been mainly called forth by the office which he fills, and was no doubt meant to indicate attachment to the throne rather than to the occupant. Much will depend upon Leopold II. If he should throw himself into the arms of the Ultramontanes, as some fear, he may seriously imperil if not destroy the fabric of Belgian liberty and independence. But if he takes counsel from the policy and the precepts of his illustrious father; if he holds an impartial and even position between the two parties into which the country is divided; if he acts up to the liberal and judicious sentiments which he himself expressed in his inaugural speech, we have little doubt that he may reign in the hearts of his subjects, and keep at a safe distance any foreign powers who may be hankering after the whole or any portion of his territory. It is true, as some of the French papers remark, that Europe is uneasily conscious of the existence of a Belgian question. But in spite of our recent experience of the fate of Denmark, we cannot believe



that Europe is so little regardful of the faith of treaties, or so indifferent to the rights of nations, as to permit the overthrow of this flourishing and fortunate State, so long as its citizens remain true to themselves, and, while differing in many things, remain unanimous in attachment to their constitutional monarchy and liberal institutions. It is not improbable that a knowledge of the jealousy with which they are watched, may render both the great Belgian parties more moderate and cautious than they have hitherto been. They are aware that they must now depend upon themselves; and a perception of this fact is likely to make them careful in restraining their conflicts within safe limits.

The speech of the Emperor-King, in opening the Hungarian Diet, seems to have been received with infinite satisfaction by his Magyar subjects. Nor can we wonder that, after all they have suffered for the last seventeen years, they should be disposed to take a hopeful view of their prospects, when they see the head of the House of Hapsburgh at last obliged to sue to them for reconciliation. But, in spite of our hope that the end may answer their anticipations, we cannot help seeing that there is a very wide discrepancy between the views of Francis Joseph and of even the most moderate section of the Diet. The recent speeches of von Deak and his most prominent followers lead us to think that they still cling to the notion of a Hungarian State almost absolutely independent. They talk, indeed, in a general way, of maintaining a connection with the rest of the Austrian empire, but their language does not imply much more than the preservation of that dynastic link, which is simply no link at all so soon as each nationality obtains constitutional institutions. They have said nothing which warrants the belief that they are prepared to subordinate their own Diet to a general parliament of the empire. On the other hand, the Emperor insists in a conciliatory, but yet firm manner, upon the absolute necessity of such a concession. The pith of his long and—in its English dress—obscure discourse is the paragraph in which he declares it absolutely essential to the unity and power of the empire that that section of the Diploma of October, 1860, which confides to a general legislative assembly the management of affairs which concern all parts of the empire should be upheld. Now, those affairs are defined to be “all matters connected with the coinage, money (finances), and public credit; customs and commercial matters, the issue of paper money; the post, telegraphs, and railroads; the arrangement of military matters, the imposition of new taxes and dues, raising of loans, the conversion of the national debt, the sale or mortgage of the real property of the State, the fixing of the amount of expenditure for each coming year, the annual examination into the results of the finances;” and, of course, although it is not distinctly mentioned, the control of foreign policy. On some of these points an accommodation is, no doubt, possible; but, as to the most important of them, the Emperor is certainly right in saying that they must either be placed under one central body, or the empire must go to pieces. The Magyars are enthusiastic in their loyalty, but they are also obstinately attached to the rights of their ancient constitution, whose powers would be cut down within the narrowest limits, if the subjects we have mentioned were withdrawn from its cognizance. We question whether they are prepared to make such a sacrifice for the sake of preserving the integrity of the Austrian empire. But it would be premature to indulge in any speculations as to the result of the pending negotiations until we see what position von Deak and other leaders take up in the course of the debate on the Address.

Some excitement has been caused in Paris by the expulsion from the Academy of half a dozen students who made themselves discreditably conspicuous at the Democratic Conference held at Liège in the course of the autumn. Nothing could well exceed the perversity or the folly of these young men, one of whom, amongst other extravagant propositions, maintained that “God is an evil, and that property is robbery.” But, at the same time, we do not think that it is a wise step to make them conspicuous by the sort of martyrdom which has been thrust upon them. Their doctrines are harmless by their very monstrosity; and even if they were not, it is hardly the right way of correcting the aberrations of youthful opinion to deprive it of all guiding and correcting influence. These boys—for they were no more—will only be confirmed in their absurdity by the sentence which has thus been pronounced

against them, and the notoriety which has been given to their silly escapade. On the other hand, we certainly feel no sympathy with them under the fate which has befallen them; and we are not only surprised but sorry to see the French Liberal press take up the case as if in their persons some fresh aggression had been made upon the right of free discussion. Young men at college should be restrained by the modesty becoming their age, if by nothing else, from embarking on a crusade against everything which the world holds sacred; and it is quite absurd to class incoherent ravings of the kind in question with the serious discussion which we all desire to promote. By taking up the defence of these lads the Liberal newspapers expose themselves and those whom they represent to the taunt of sharing their opinions. It will be said by the “inspired” journals that the right to utter blasphemy and sedition with impunity is the real object of those who protest against the Imperial restrictions on the press; and license will thus be made an excuse for refusing liberty. In the present state of things in France it is desirable to avoid doing anything which can sanction the notion that behind every shade of Liberalism there lurks the spectre of the Red Republic.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of President Johnson contrasts very favourably with many similar documents of the same kind. It is calm, moderate, and statesmanlike. Towards the lately conquered South its tone is conciliatory and even generous; towards foreign powers it is firm and dignified. Fairly to appreciate its merits, and those of the man from whom it emanates, we must recall the history of the last four years, and bear in mind the issue of the long and arduous struggle which has just concluded. In the present hour of triumph for the North, the President might have been pardoned for indulging in some degree of exultation. We should not have been surprised if his Message had, to a certain extent, re-echoed the passions and the bitterness of the strife which is but just finished. But nothing of the kind is apparent in the temperate and lucid exposition of his policy which he has laid before Congress; nor will either America or Europe fail to recognise the elevation of mind and the restraint of temper which is thus displayed. A meed of praise not less hearty, nor less well founded, is due to the mode in which he deals with the foreign relations of the country. An invective against either England or France would probably have been welcome to the majority of those whom he addressed, as well as to the people out of doors; but although he spoke under the strongest temptation to indulge in an exciting and popular mode of treating this part of his subject, there is not a sentence in his Message which would discredit any one of the trained statesmen or diplomatists of Europe. As we have felt it our duty to comment with some severity on many of the previous acts, and much of the past career of Mr. Johnson, we owe him this acknowledgment, and we render it with pleasure.

The first place in the Message is given to a vindication of Mr. Johnson's reconstructive policy. In opposition to the ideas which are now so prevalent in the North, he adheres firmly to the doctrine of the real, though limited, independence and sovereignty of the States. “States with a proper limitation of power are,” in his view, “essential to the existence of the constitution of the United States,” and to the capacity of the country, “for comprehending within its jurisdiction a vast continental empire.” On the other hand, he insists not less strenuously upon the necessity of maintaining the supreme authority of the constitution of the United States. The preservation and prosperity of the Union depend, in his opinion, upon the proper play and balance of these two forces; and, accordingly, all his efforts have been, and still are, directed towards restoring them to a healthy and normal equilibrium. Not only for the sake of the South, but even for that of the North, he desires to see the late Confederate States restored to full fellowship, and to the entire possession of their rights. As he points out, the continuance of military governments for an indefinite period would afford no security for the early suppression of discontent, would divide the people into vanquished and vanquishers, would occasion an exhausting and incalculable expense, and would prevent the flow of capital and population into the States lately in rebellion. Mr. Sumner and his friends may be indifferent to all these consequences. They may prefer to run any risks and submit to any burthens rather than lose an opportunity of indulging their passionate hatred of the Southerners. They may bring forward futile but irritating test-



oaths, and may endeavour to force negro suffrage upon the South. But the President will lend no sanction to such a course. He regards the rebel States as "erring sisters" who have gone astray, and who are to be brought back by kindness, and by a frank restoration to their old place in the family. At the same time, there is nothing like weakness in his attitude. Whether slavery was or was not the primary cause of secession, and the mainspring of the quarrel between the two sections of the Union, there can be no doubt that it came eventually to be the chief point in issue. Having gone in for emancipation, the Northerners cannot honourably abandon the negro in their hour of triumph; and they are certainly entitled to take the amplest precautions against any fresh troubles arising from this cause. The South has no right to complain that it is called upon to vote "the constitutional amendment" as a condition of its perfect restoration to freedom; and if the States understand their own interest, they will promptly pass such laws as will make it manifest that they intend to make the black a freeman in reality as well as in name. The action of the extreme Republican party is a proof of the strong feeling of antipathy in the North against which they have to contend; and they ought to strengthen, by every means in their power, the hands of the President, who is the most powerful, and probably the best friend they have. So far as we can judge, he will have hard work to obtain the admission of the Southern members to Congress on the terms he has fixed; and it therefore behoves those who will be so greatly benefited by his firmness and magnanimity to throw no obstacles in his way by a vain and perverse clinging to a state of things which has for ever passed away. We do not believe that anything of the kind will be done, and we are quite willing to hope that the influence of the President will ultimately prevail over that of the more violent and rancorous Northern politicians. At the same time, we cannot help regretting that even he should think it necessary and expedient to check the process of reconciliation by the trial of Mr. Davis—if we rightly interpret one of the paragraphs of the Message. We must, however, admit that he is in a better position than we are for judging how far it may be requisite or advisable to obtain a judicial decision that secession is a crime and that a seceder is a traitor. There is no reason to fear that the life of the ex-Confederate President is in the slightest danger. His trial will be neither more nor less than an imposing judicial drama, with a foregone conclusion of pardon for the culprit; and under these circumstances, although we regret that it should take place, we do not attach any great importance to it.

The reduction which is announced in the army and navy of the States shows the fallacy of the prediction that the United States, having shown immense power in war, would become a great military nation. The rapidity with which the army has been disbanded is really extraordinary, and we do not suppose that it could have been effected in any other country without leading to serious disorder if not disturbance. In the United States, however, the soldiers have been quietly absorbed, or rather have fallen back into the ranks of citizens, without difficulty and without regret. This is, no doubt, mainly due to the abundance of employment, but it is also partly owing to the genuine preference of the men for a life of peaceful industry over one of military excitement. We are glad to see the President directing the attention of the Congress to the revenue system of the country. But we regret that he does not indicate more clearly the course of policy which he is known to favour in his individual capacity. Being a Southerner, Mr. Johnson is also a free trader; and he is, no doubt, as well aware as every one else that nothing could tend more than the adoption of free trade to reconcile the various sections of the Union and to obliterate the memory of past differences. We fear that we must set down his reticence and reserve to his knowledge of the strength of the Protectionist party; and that we may at present dismiss all hope of any important modifications in the Morrill tariff. On the subject of the currency the President is more explicit; nor is it the least merit of his Message that it insists with urgency upon the absolute necessity of contracting the issue of paper money. When we remember the nonsense which is in vogue both in America and in England as to the blessings of an expanded currency and a national debt, it is refreshing to listen to the vigorous common sense of Mr. Johnson's remarks upon both points. But that is not all. A nation which, after reducing its army and navy, enters vigorously upon the work of restoring the standard of its currency and reducing the amount of its debt, gives solid and substantial guarantees for its sincerity in a policy of peace. Nor do we find anything inconsistent with a *bonâ-fide* intention to pursue such a policy in Mr. Johnson's references to foreign Powers. As a matter of course,

we ourselves come in for some rather strong animadversions. The old complaint that we were over eager and premature in recognising the belligerent rights of the South is once more repeated, in spite of Earl Russell's conclusive demonstration that this step on our part did not precede, but follow, the assertion of belligerent rights against neutrals by the North. It is made a ground of serious charge against us that the materials of war were furnished, in a great degree, to the insurgent States from the workshops of Great Britain: in forgetfulness of the fact that far larger supplies were drawn from the same source by the Federals in the earlier part of the war, if not throughout its entire course. And although it is a neat and epigrammatic way of putting Earl Russell's argument in reference to the *Alabama* claims, to say that he maintains that the municipal law of a nation and the municipal interpretations of that law are the measure of its duty as a neutral, we cannot for a moment admit that that is a correct description of the noble Earl's position. But it is not worth while to discuss these or any of the other disputable points on which Mr. Johnson touches. The important thing is the conclusion at which he arrives—and this, we rejoice to say, is an eminently pacific one. Although we have done wrong, he will not impeach our good faith; and although he regrets that we would not accept the arbitration which America proposed, while he will not accept the joint commission which we propose, he has not the slightest intention of quarrelling with us on that account. He treats the question of a pecuniary indemnity for the captures made by the *Alabama* as one of the very slightest importance; and, so far as we understand him, he is quite ready to let bygones be bygones, to bury the past in oblivion, and to start afresh with feelings of mutual goodwill and friendship. No more satisfactory result could have been attained by any amount of negotiation. The course of just "saying nothing about it" is that which friends in private life find best when they seek to make up little differences, and we see no reason why it should not answer equally well in the case of nations. At any rate we are quite willing to recognise the amicable tendency of Mr. Johnson's observations, so far as we are concerned. With regard to France and Mexico, his language is neither so amicable nor so straightforward. He does not, indeed, refer directly to either country. But of course no one can mistake his meaning when he says that the United States would regard it as a great calamity to themselves, to the cause of good government, and to the peace of the world if any European Power should challenge them to defend republicanism on the American continent against foreign intervention. Taking all that he says on this subject together, we arrive at the conclusion that although he is unwilling to abandon the Monroe doctrine, he is equally unwilling to take any steps to enforce it. His attitude is evidently that of one waiting—partly upon Providence, and partly upon the action of Congress. While it would be rash to say that circumstances may not arise which will induce or compel him to cast aside his reserve, it is clear that he is himself in no hurry to precipitate a collision. On this portion of the Message a very significant commentary has indeed been furnished by an incident which occurred since its delivery. General Logan, who was nominated envoy to Juarez, requested that he might be accompanied by an army. In declining this modest request, Mr. Seward stated distinctly that the President did not intend to abandon his present attitude of watchfulness and neutrality. Upon the whole, therefore, we see little reason to fear that any intervention of the United States in Mexico will bring about a war with France, so long as Mr. Johnson remains at the head of affairs.

#### CHRISTMAS SHINE AND SHADE.

THE shine and shade of Christmas may not inaptly be represented by its bills and bells, its hampers and dampers. The well-filled hampers, with their acceptable contents, are a sunny contrast to the social dampers that occasionally chill the spirits and depress them to a point far below that which marks the festive temperature of the warm-hearted season; and the merry ringing of the Christmas bells might be accepted as an antithetical emblem to the melancholy presentment of the Christmas bills. Of course there are exceptional cases either way. But, certainly, the shine of the season is most agreeably evidenced in that institution for which we would desire an enduring vitality—the Christmas hamper. It is brought before us in various shapes; and, however protean may be its presentations, we can scarcely deem any one of them to be questionable. Rarely could it be otherwise than thoroughly



acceptable; seldom could it be regarded in any other light than as a pleasant embodiment of the sunny side of the season, and to be welcomed, metaphorically, with open arms, and, literally, with open hearts.

We would willingly accept it in its many forms. We should have no objection to receive the grocer's Christmas hamper, filled with the fragrant materials for puddings and mince-pies, the raisins and plums, the citrons and cloves, the oranges and lemons, the "sugar and spice and all that's nice." We should hail with joy Fortnum and Mason's hamper, with its Yorkshire pie, potted game, *foies gras*, Perigord *pâtés*, truffles, ginger, chocolate, figs, plums, and bon-bons, packed in boxes that are almost more beautiful and attractive than their contents. We should jump with joy—vicariously, that is, and on the children's account—at the hamper from the German Bazaar, with its wondrous budget of toys and pretty nic-nacs for the Christmas-tree. We should desiderate the fishmonger's hamper, with its turbot, prawns, and cod's-head-and-shoulders, ready to be blown up by the barrels of oysters. We should fully appreciate the gift of the real Christmas hamper from the real Christmas friend, with its magnificent interior, displaying gradually to the enraptured sight the noble proportions of the turkey, the stately grace of the goose, the chromatic beauties of the pheasant, the harmonious proportions of the hare, with the ample appendix of sausages, sage, apples, or whatever may be required to properly supplement the individual attractions of the chief portion of the work. And we should also, if in populous cities pent, accord a hearty welcome to that Christmas hamper that was packed with nothing more than the coral-berried holly, the green-leaved ivy, and the bough of mystic mistletoe. All these hampers we would gladly receive, highly appreciate, and endeavour to do full justice to. But there is one hamper, much advertised at this period of the year, that we by no means covet, and that is the cheap wine-merchant's "guinea sample hamper," the contents of which are stated to be "indispensably necessary for the proper enjoyment of the festive season, for which it forms the most appropriate present." When we have read the confidential (lithographed) letters with which such wine-merchants annually favour us in the month of December, and have noted that, for the outlay of one guinea, we are to receive, in addition to the hamper and bottles, one bottle of champagne, one ditto claret, one ditto port, one ditto sherry, one ditto brandy, one ditto gin, one ditto rum, and one ditto whisky, we can imagine the vendors of this miscellaneous collection of vinous and spirituous rubbish complacently asking their customers, "And doth not a hamper like this make amends for those poor entertainments you gave to your friends?" but we can hardly fancy what we should do with the samples when we had received them. If, regardless of dyspepsia and doctors, we rashly determined that the samples were to be drunk, how should we proceed with their consumption? Ought we to assemble our friends, and pass the one bottle of champagne round the table as far as it would go, and then follow it up with the one ditto claret, and the one ditto port, and so on till we had exhausted our stock, if not ourselves, in the one ditto whisky? or ought we to toss up or draw lots who should have the individual samples, and thus keep to our own bottle? Certainly, this latter plan has its merits in its prevention of the injudicious commingling of diverse liquids; but we have our doubts as to the successful working of the scheme, and we should greatly prefer not receiving the sample hamper, to running the risk of offending our friends by injudiciously distributing to them its mongrel contents. But this is an exceptional case; and, taken as a whole, the Christmas hamper may decidedly be regarded as coming to us bathed in the sunny-light of the shine of the season.

But Christmas has its dampers as well as its hampers; its shade, to throw out its shine with greater effect. For example, Christmas-day spent in a house where the ice out of doors seems to have penetrated to the dining and drawing-rooms, and the family circle refuses to thaw to heartiness or relax into laughter, but is suffused with an eminently respectable and frigid chilliness. The givers of the feast have conformed to custom and the traditions of the season; for, to persons in their position and occupying their place in society, it would not be proper to pass over Christmas-day without holding a family party and inviting thereto a few outcast bachelor friends and those poor relations, the skeletons of their house, who must needs be produced, in their grisly gentility, at the festive banquet. But such a party is indeed a damper—a feast of wet blankets, and is to be avoided, even if you have the alternative of eating your Christmas dinner alone in city lodgings or town chambers. Again, when you have gone to spend your Christmas holiday at a country-house

for the sole purpose that it will throw you into the society of the lovely Julia, who, as you have been informed, will be a guest in the house during your stay there—it is decidedly a damper to you if, on arriving there for a fortnight's visit, you find that your informant made a slight mistake, and that the lovely Julia will be one of the next batch of guests, whose sojourn will not commence until the day after your departure. Yet it would be a damper of a still more depressing nature, if you had really met her, and on making certain tender proposals, had been refused in favour of Captain Dash or the Reverend Mister Lamb. It is also a damper when, having gone to the Christmas County Ball with the design of saying something definite to Leonora and ascertaining her intentions as to your attentions, never to be able to get a moment's *tête-à-tête* with her, but, set after set, and dance after dance, markedly to be thrown over in favour of an overgrown dragoon, an under-sized Honourable, or any other Wretch who has evidently cut the ground from under your feet. It is also a damper to be asked to the greatest house on your visiting-list for a day's pheasant shooting, and to find the party so large and made up chiefly of people so much bigger than yourself, that you are stuck for the day at an outside position, where you may think yourself fortunate if you can get a shot at a rabbit. It is also a damper when a man who is passionately fond of hunting takes a hunting-box in the Quorn, Pytchley, or other famous district, and conveys thither his grooms and stud at a great expense, and on the very morning after his arrival discovers that a black frost has set in, which is succeeded by snow as deep and dense as that which is annually seen in the illustrations to the Christmas gift-books and Christmas numbers of the pictorial papers—which snow lasts for a month, during which time his horses are eating their heads off and he himself gets so stout that he is compelled to order a new pink for the fag end of the season.

These are dampers, social drawbacks and disagreeables, to the lightheartedness of Christmas-time, when mirth and geniality should rule our spirits. Yet there be dampers that are worse than these: those Christmas bills, for example, that we have not the wherewithal to pay, and whose presentment will chill our jollity to zero. But a merciful custom withholds their presentation until the new year, and thus permits us to enjoy our Christmas-day as best we may, with the cloud darkening over our heads, but not yet bursting upon us.

#### "WHAT IS AN ARCHITECT?"

A DISCUSSION has lately taken place in the columns of the *Times*, involving a question of some interest to the public in general, and to the world of art in particular. It arose in the following manner. At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, the chairman, Mr. Cole, whose connection with the South Kensington Museum is well known, took occasion to refer, in terms of regret, which we feel assured most of his hearers must have sincerely shared, to the death of Captain Fowke, R.E., a fellow member of the society, who also held an important post at South Kensington, and to whom, we need scarcely remind our readers, the design of the Great Exhibition building of 1862 was intrusted. Mr. Cole passed a high eulogy on the deceased officer, as one whose talents were not only recognised in the particular branch of military service to which he belonged, but were also conspicuous in the field of architectural design. After alluding to the Vernon and Turner Galleries of the museum, the Horticultural Garden arcades, and some important works of Captain Fowke at Dublin and Edinburgh, Mr. Cole went on to speak of the late competition for a national museum at South Kensington, when Captain Fowke won the first prize for his design which he (the chairman) hoped might still be carried out.

A report of this meeting appeared on the 14th inst., and on the following day the *Times* published a letter from Mr. Kerr, an architect, who had obtained the second prize in the competition referred to. This gentleman seized an unfortunate moment for calling attention to the merit of his own plans, and disparaging those of Captain Fowke, which he said the trustees of the British Museum had condemned as providing insufficient accommodation. But Mr. Kerr did not stop here. He deprecated "a certain short-sighted prejudice against professional architects," which he seemed to think had its head-quarters with Mr. Cole. "To ignore," he added, "in these educational days, an entire profession of specially educated men—to suppose it possible to bring in an outsider to outstrip them all, is surely not the way to encourage, by means of a Government Department, English science and art." If Mr. Kerr expected a rejoinder to the expression of this sentiment, it was certainly



not from the quarter from which it came. In a letter addressed to the *Times*, Mr. Street, himself a professed and, we believe, a "specially educated" architect of great ability, not only rescued Captain Fowke's memory from the aspersions which had been cast upon it, but boldly expressed his contempt for the ordinary course of education which qualified his professional brethren, affirming that "he is the best architect who can erect the best building"—no matter what his antecedents may have been. Continuing this line of argument, Mr. Street pointed out that neither Giotto in the middle ages, nor Sir Christopher Wren in the 17th century, had received, so far as we know, a "special education," although they have left the Campanile at Florence, and our own St. Paul's Cathedral, to testify their skill in design. "I hope," continued Mr. Street, "that all those who regard architecture as an art, instead of a mere trade or profession, join me in a very decided opinion, that as all arts owe very much to the enthusiasm of amateurs, so he is no real artist who wishes to shut us up within the narrow bounds of routine and conventionalism, which it is the tendency of special education to establish for its pupils."

Now this may be a very intelligible and even acceptable theory to many members of the profession whom it chiefly concerns, but what is the public to think of it? May any man, after leaving school or college, wander up and down the world, picking up what stray information he can from books and buildings, guided by no rules of art but those which his untutored judgment dictates, subject to no authoritative teaching, left entirely to his own devices—may such a man, after an indefinite period of desultory experience, call himself an architect and set up for practice? And if not, how is he to acquire what every professed architect is bound to know, except within those "bounds of routine" which Mr. Street affects to despise? Captain Fowke it is true had received an education which must have afforded him some insight into the practical details of the profession which he adopted, but not to every amateur is it given to serve an apprenticeship as a Royal engineer. On the merit of Captain Fowke's designs we do not propose to enter. There have been better and there have been worse. But *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and we cannot but think Mr. Kerr showed very questionable taste in depreciating a rival's work so soon after that rival's death. It is on the general question of an architect's education that we are at issue with Mr. Street, or rather let us say that we are at a loss to comprehend him. He will hardly cite exceptional instances, like those of Giotto and Wren, as applicable to our own time and to ordinary cases. Wren, when a mere child, had constructive genius, and at the age of thirteen invented an astronomical machine. Giotto lived in an age when architecture and painting went hand in hand. Moreover he was a pupil of Cimabue, and Cimabue was directly associated with Arnolfo di Lapo, one of the most skilful architects of his time, in superintending the erection of Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence. Both these great men, no doubt, received professional instruction of some kind, but if they needed not special education in their day, we cannot dispense with it now.

The ordinary system of placing a student of architecture for some three or four years in an architect's office, must, if he is but fairly industrious, be attended with direct advantage, and it is almost the only means of replacing that pledge of qualification which his profession alone of all others cannot offer, viz., a diploma. An effort has been lately made by the Institute of British Architects to establish certificates of proficiency in the practical details as well as in the history of their art, to be awarded to those students who voluntarily present themselves for and pass a certain examination. But this, though a very useful step in its way, must always remain an insufficient test of individual skill. There is—perhaps happily for art—no criterion of taste which can be reduced to the level of a *viva voce* investigation, or be accurately expressed by a series of question-papers. With, no doubt, a full conviction of this fact, Mr. Street prefers to regard architecture as an art rather than as a mere trade or profession. The truth is, it stands exactly midway between the two. An architect's fees are regulated by a fixed and recognised scale. His specifications are drawn up with all the formality of a legal document. He is continually brought into contact with practical men with whom he has to discuss a hundred matters widely remote from the poetry of art. Finally, his place of business is an office—not a studio; and in this office, if our architect is in tolerable practice, he will have many clerks working under his direction.

Herein, it would seem, lies the great difference between this art and that which is practised (in modern days) by the painter, the poet, or the musician. Their work must be entirely their own. The architect's is often deputed to assistants. It is well known that while a few architects of position conscientiously decline commissions to which they cannot give personal

attention, there are very many more who accept everything in the shape of work which is given to them, whether they can superintend it or not, and who frequently get the credit of designs and "restorations" which are from first to last carried out by subordinates in their employ. This may be an inevitable as well as an unfortunate state of things, but while it lasts do not let us ignore the fact that architectural practice is a business no less than an art. We willingly admit that there may be amateur architects who have both deserved and attained success in a greater degree than many who have been specially educated for the profession; but these are surely exceptions to the general rule, and after all, the excellence of their work will depend, not on their dilettantism, but on their practical ability and experienced judgment. Every architect, in the best sense of the word, is or ought to be an amateur, but it by no means follows that every amateur is qualified for an architect. That the public should obtain—however indirectly—some guarantee of the professional capacity of architects whom they employ, but who are yet unknown to fame, is most desirable, and this it seems to us can be best ensured by the ordinary relations of master and pupil. The students of other professions have their *curriculum* to run, and although Mr. Street seems to dread the influence of "routine and conventionalism," we do not exactly see how the young architect can better acquire the rudiments of his professional knowledge than in the office of an architect who has already achieved a reputation.

#### A PROSTITUTE AND HER CARRIAGE.

FRENCH society was lately startled by an unexpected occurrence. A leading Parisian prostitute was brought before the criminal courts for the offence of inciting a minor to squander his fortune. The offence was proved, and the woman was condemned to six months' imprisonment. The application of the law to such a case was novel enough, but it was not that which made the deepest impression on the Parisian world. It was that the judge, in speaking of the criminal—moving as she did in the highest circles of her shameful trade, celebrated for having ruined half a dozen wealthy men, but who, not being minors, could not be the means of bringing her within the law, distinguished by her magnificence of dress, of equipage, of apartments and entertainments—would not call her by any of the delicate phrases or classical allusions by which we have been lately accustomed to hear such persons indicated—would not describe her as a member of the *demi-monde*, or as a Phryne, or a Lais, or even as a *lorette*—but called her by the lowest and plainest French word which the language supplies for persons of her class. Will our readers bear with us if, in a modified way, we follow this precedent, and if, having, in the interest of public morality, to speak of an episode in the life of a successful London prostitute, we take the liberty of using that plain word, instead of alluding to Anonyma or Traviata, or pretty horse-breaker, or even "gay woman," or concealing with any other euphonistic sugaring the real character of a filthy trade.

The glimpse of the customs of this trade which has this week been given to the respectable part of society, has, as is generally the case, been afforded by means of a trial at law. Messrs. Pearce & Countze, coachbuilders in Long Acre, sued a so-called Mrs. Rose Brooks, a woman who could not read or write, and whose real name is unknown, on a written agreement for the hire or sale of a brougham and for work done to it. The price of the brougham was stated at 135 guineas, and the agreement was to the effect that Mrs. Rose Brooks should have it on hire till the purchase-money, with interest, was paid up, that for the first year's hire she should pay £50, and that, if returned within the year, she should pay £15 more. She paid the £50—but on returning the brougham declined to pay the £15 penalty, on the ground that she had not been made aware of this stipulation in the written agreement at the time she put her mark to it. There was a further charge made for certain fittings, which Messrs. Pearce & Countze said the "lady" had ordered—mud-wings, a looking-glass to drop down from the roof, a card-basket, a set of silver-plated harness, and engraving and painting her cypher. These, with the forfeit, brought the sum sued for up to £34. 17s. 6d. Of this the defendant admitted £10, and paid it into court. As to the rest, she pleaded (besides the fraud as to the forfeit) that the articles had been supplied to her knowing that she was a prostitute and to enable her to carry on her vocation, and that, therefore, the whole bargain was void in law. It appeared from the evidence that the plaintiffs had already supplied a brougham to a "Mrs. Bridgman," another prostitute;



that "Mrs. Brooks" had seen and approved of this, and wished to have one like it; that Mr. Pearce, as he admitted, had seen her several times at Cremorne, and, as the defendant said, had spoken to her when in company with Mr. E. T. Smith there.

As to the terms of hire, Mr. Pearce swore that he never charged less than sixty-five guineas for the first year, but on being asked whether he did not know that other builders charged only £40, he said he did not know; that he knew nothing of the terms usual in the trade; and that, though he had been in it for many years, and was on friendly terms with many of his brethren, he had never had an hour's conversation with any of them about prices, and consequently had no idea what their charges were. Such evidence as this was, as the judge observed, simply incredible. But on the main plea of the defendant, he told the jury that articles which were necessities of life could not be said to be supplied for the purpose of carrying on the trade of prostitution, but it was for them to say whether a brougham was a necessary, or was only furnished and employed for that purpose, and whether, on the latter supposition, the plaintiffs knew of the purpose. On this the jury found that the brougham was supplied to the defendant for the purpose of enabling her to carry on her vocation. The judge then observed that a pair of shoes might be for the same purpose. But the jury answered, and with his lordship's approbation, that shoes would be a necessary, but that a carriage was a luxury, a "part of her display," and "was supplied to assist her in capturing men." On this a verdict was taken for the defendant; but as the jury negatived the charge of fraud as to the £15 forfeit, leave was reserved to the plaintiffs to apply to the court for that sum, if it should be held not tainted with the illegality of the rest of the bargain.

We think the public is indebted to the plain speaking of Mr. Baron Bramwell, and to the clear-sightedness and honesty of the jury, which brought this result to pass. It is very well known that there is a certain class of tradesmen, many of them occupying very magnificent West-end shops, who make a practice of supplying fashionable prostitutes, during their span of success, with clothes, trinkets, carriages, and every other appointment of luxury, at a large discount from their usual prices. The motive for this liberality is clear enough. These persons are large consumers; they have the means of giving recommendation to a wide circle; they are conspicuous advertisements; and, therefore, they are thought worthy to be received into this quasi-partnership, and to obtain the privilege of discount accorded to "the trade." We have nothing to say to such dealers or their system. It is their affair, not that of the public. If the larger profits which they thus draw in from prostitute wages does them good, and makes them feel more comfortable in mind, we wish them joy of it. It may be all fair in trade, and we do not wish to interfere with any man's ideas of what is fair in trade. But we must have our own opinion of such trade. We must think that those who supply at a specially cheap rate the goods by which harlotry is to be bedecked, are no whit better than the keepers of houses in which common women are lodged. We think that those who extend their business by means of going shares with the miserable wretches who sell their souls for vanity and vice, are something lower and worse than those whom they encourage. And since the result of this traffic is to enable vice to ply its trade with more attractions, we cannot but be glad when, by a quarrel between the offenders, the parveyor is legally cheated of his expected profits. So, in the name of the public, we thank the juries who are conscientious enough to look at facts instead of names, and to set their faces against the practice by which gorgeous dresses, brilliant jewels, and handsome equipages, are hired out by "respectable tradesmen" to prostitutes, to make their persons more attractive, their presence more conspicuous, and their gains larger.

Yet another reflection may, however, be suggested by the facts disclosed in this trial. Here is a woman, by birth and breeding something lower than a cook-maid, who can, on the spot, pay down £50 for a year's hire of a carriage, and who insists on her private brougham being fitted up with every convenience and luxury before she will condescend to appear in it. We do not know what particular attraction made this particular illiterate street-walker so prosperous. With some of her class it is animal beauty, with others it is the wit of the gutter that thus elevates them to the station of peeresses. And while men are to be found who, for a fair face and brazen manners, or for copious ingenuity of cursing, or for a richer redolence of fetid language, can like the society of such women, doubtless a supply of them will be forthcoming in every rank. But while we cannot contend against human nature in the depraved of either sex, we may invoke the better

nature of those whom such revelations may still shock, to do something to make the business at least more disgraceful. What is it that has made the effrontery of vice of late years so much more notorious? Is it not the fact that not only has it been encouraged by men, but that it has been admired by women of good social position? Has not the degraded "Anonyma" been the authority whose example sufficed to alter the fashion of ladies' dress, and to prescribe the route which ladies' carriages should follow in the park? Do not noble necks turn round to see what such conspicuous sinners wear? Have not distinguished parties been formed to taste the forbidden pleasure of dancing for one night on the platform on which the commonest harlots ply their trade through the rest of the season? And is not the man whose connection with such life is as well known as any other fact of his position—who is to be seen in open day talking and laughing with the most conspicuous prostitutes about town—still received in ladies' drawing-rooms with even more eagerness because he is thus more famous for infamy? These things are undeniable, for they are notorious. And what reformation in manners, what stay in the downward course of public decency can be expected, when our noblest born ladies thus participate in and encourage the degradation?

The truth is, that we must look for the root of the evil and the remedy to deeper sources. Honourable matrons and well-born maidens are so eager to escape the disgrace of spinsterhood, so anxious to secure the position of a wealthy marriage, so averse to contemplate the possibility of wearing out life on an unmarried daughter's pittance of a portion, that they will endure the presence of any man worth marrying, however vicious and low his habits and tastes are known to be. And when thus a tone of vice is established, young ladies will, with consent of their mothers, try to adopt those attractions which they understand to be such irresistible lures. While this tendency lasts, it is vain to hope that we shall not have uneducated outcasts sitting in their carriages or in their opera-boxes in the neighbourhood of duchesses, and attracting the admiring gaze of one sex, the despairing envy of the other. But when wealthy fathers shall portion their daughters so as to enable them to hold, though unmarried, their place in the society in which they were born; when mothers shall teach them that purity and refinement are better than great establishments; when girls shall reject with loathing the advances of a man who openly consorts with prostitutes, then we shall see men cease to boast of their illicit amours, cease to exhibit in public their intimacy with harlots; and we shall less often than now see a prostitute in her private carriage, and the temptations of luxury and universal admiration held out as one motive more to lead weak girls to dedicate their lives to glittering sin.

#### STEEL MAKING AT SHEFFIELD.

SHEFFIELD, from being the little place where the armourers of Richard and Richmond went for their arrowheads before the battle of Bosworth Field, has become the great place where steel is made from iron and fashioned into all its many forms, and where of late the largest and thickest of armour-plates for ships of war are produced. There are now some 200,000 inhabitants where there were only 2,000 two centuries ago, and the rateable property of the town must be nearly a million. Within the present century the Sheffield goods were carried from the town on packhorses every week, while now, not much less than 2,000 tons a week pass by railway to Birmingham. In those old days the streams of the rivers afforded the power that turned the wheels of the grinders and worked the hammers. Now some of the largest steam-engines are employed, and the rivers, where fifty years ago the people used to bathe, have become the drains of the factories.

A vast development of the trade in steel and iron working has accompanied the demand for the iron-plated ships and large rifled ordnance of modern warfare, and the Sheffield manufacturers have seized the opportunity with the usual enterprise and energy of Englishmen. During the last seven years Mr. Bessemer has been perfecting his invention by which the process of converting iron into steel is shortened from days to minutes. Before this process was used, it took more than twenty days to convert and prepare steel for the artificers, now it takes less than that number of minutes to convert iron into steel in large masses of from 10 to 15 tons. Indeed, when the two converting-cupolas, of which Messrs. Brown & Co. have recently erected one, are finished, no less than 30 tons of steel can be made, in two immense ingots of 15 tons each, in half an hour. This can be done just as long as the moulds are brought to be filled from the furnace, and the supply of fire and iron is kept up. When we remember that steel



is twenty times stronger than iron, and wears much longer in proportion, it will be seen how immensely important is this great increase in the capabilities of steel making. It promises to redeem railway property from those expenses of wear and tear which now burden it. Rails, wheels, axles, and springs, will certainly be cheapened to half their present cost by being made of a material so much more durable than iron; and what is even of more importance to the public, the safety of travelling will be very much improved. In shipbuilding, whether for the merchant service or the navy, we shall see steel universally employed, as the strongest and most durable metal. Life and property will be saved to an extent incalculable, and if anything can protect us from modern artillery, steel is the metal that promises to give this great desideratum which will make war absurd and ridiculous.

Messrs. Brown & Co., the firm who have acquired such a reputation for their armour-plates, which they have supplied largely not only for our own navy, but in still greater quantities to that of Russia, have entered upon the making of steel by the Bessemer process on a larger scale than any hitherto tried. The spacious shop for this purpose, which has been completed, with its two cupolas and the large steam-engine required for the powerful blast, as well as for moving the cupola and the other apparatus used in carrying the melted metal to the ingot moulds, was tried for the first time while the Social Science Congress was being held, and the members were invited to be present on the occasion. This shop is a large lofty square building, with convenient archways in three sides, giving access to the iron furnace and the roadways of the works, while one side is occupied by the engine-house and the stage, where the superintendent and the engineer, who regulates the blast and moving power, stand to direct the workmen. The basement of the shop is perhaps ten feet lower than the broad gangway running round the walls on three sides; and in this large pit are placed the ingot moulds, and a huge basin on a turn-table in the centre, which can be turned entirely round from the cupola at one side of the semicircle to that at the opposite corner. This basin having been filled with molten steel is moved by the machinery over the moulds, and is then tapped. The cupolas in each corner of the large shop strike the eye at once from their singular form; they resemble gigantic soda-water bottles of iron, with the neck bent on one side. They are suspended or balanced on a spindle about the thickest part of the bulb, so as to swing easily and turn completely bottom upwards, in which position the bent neck allows the melted metal to run out, or any refuse cinders to be cleared out. When the cupola is being heated to receive the iron it rests with the mouth under a common furnace chimney, and the blast sends a fierce white flame through it with a loud roar. One only of these cupolas was fitted ready for trial, and when we entered the shop it was sending forth this brilliant blaze and roaring away, while the great fly-wheel of the steam-engine of 300 horse-power was turning slowly round as though it had nothing to trouble it.

This engine requires a passing word, as it differs from many in not creating the blast by a fan, but by forcing air into a strong reservoir, from which it issues steadily with the force of compressed air, and at regulated pressure. This is accomplished by two large cylinders about six feet diameter, worked by the same piston-rods which serve for the other two cylinders of the engine, which are the steam-cylinders. The air is forced by them into a strong iron vessel below the floor, which is connected with the blast-pipe passing away under ground and rising near the cupolas, to enter at the part in their sides where the vessel is suspended. While the iron cupola, which is lined with a peculiar fire-clay formed of powdered stone, called "ganister," is being heated, the iron furnace outside the shop is melting the iron, and the men are busy laying down iron troughs lined with sand, that convey the metal to a long movable spout inside the shop, by which it flows into the cupolas in either corner as required. The iron used must be selected iron, as all kinds of common pig iron are not suitable for good steel; and an important part of the process consists in mixing it with a proper proportion of a metallic substance called "Spiegel-eisen," which comes from the Hartz mountains in Germany. This metal, if metal it may be called, is a compound of iron, carbon, and manganese; it is, in fact, an excessive carburet of iron—a sort of essence of steel. It is therefore extremely hard, and to some extent brittle, breaking up under a smart blow with a hammer, and showing a crystalline fracture with large flat crystals blended together, apparently octagonal in form, and of a silvery bronze colour.

Everything being ready for casting, the superintendent took his stand on the stage where the whole process can be seen, and the action of the blast and movement of the cupola directed.

This place is some distance from the heated furnace, and it will be seen that it is quite necessary it should be, to avoid the great heat and any risk of accident. The first thing was to invert the cupola; the huge thing turned over as if automatically, and vomited its meal of coke with roars louder than ever as the blast was sent with still greater power through it. It was then raised halfway, and the spout connecting the troughs of the iron furnace was moved on to the mouth of the cupola. The signal was given to the men at the furnace, and the glowing stream of iron, hissing and sparkling, was seen creeping along towards the cupola. From some little want of precaution on this occasion the troughs overflowed, the red hot metal flowing over in a broadish stream, and sending out the most brilliant and beautiful stars of fire, flying about in every direction, and making the men rush off for shelter into the archways provided for their safety. No one was hurt, however, and the cupola was in the act of being moved to its upright position, after having been partly charged, when the blast was turned on, and another tremendous rush of fiery breath and sparks suddenly burst out, completely filling the whole space, and threatening to smother and scorch up one of the men, who was caught in this storm of fire. The spectators held their breath in terror at the sight, while the man himself stood it with the courage of a hero. The shouts of the superintendent against the terrific roar of the blast, the blaze raging furiously from the mouth of the cupola that seemed every instant about to burst and annihilate the whole place, and this workman standing apparently doomed to a horrible death, made up a scene of the most wonderful splendour, and, for the moment, one of fearful excitement. Strange as it seems, the man escaped without any serious injury, and was greeted with a round of applause for his bravery. It was interesting to learn afterwards from one of the firm that this workman was a leader among a party of enthusiastic fellow workmen, who call themselves "the Hallelujah Band," to which none are chosen except reclaimed desperadoes, and these have generally been self-reformed. From being the very worst characters in the works these men have become the best conducted and most trustworthy.

Returning from this digression to the process in hand, we had to notice that a powerful blast is directed through the liquid metal for fifteen minutes, during which time the flame changed from gold colour to the most dazzling sunlight, so that the eye could scarcely bear to look at it, and every one was glad to look aside at the strong shadows cast upon the white walls of the shop. More melted iron was then added, and after a few minutes, the cupola was inverted over the basin and emptied, the basin was moved by the machinery over the mould, and the ingot of steel cast. In this form the steel is only in its rough state, it has to be heated, and hammered under enormously heavy hammers for large work, or rolled into various bars, for smaller work. These hammers are all worked by steam, and the largest weigh no less than 18 tons, striking a blow of 700 tons weight, yet kneading the mass of metal with the utmost nicety, under the control of one man. Great practical skill is required in heating and hammering steel, and the head workman who is responsible for this important work is paid very high wages, seldom less than 30s. a day, and sometimes more. This is the amount of his pay after he has paid his gang, for whose wages he draws according to the amount of work done, the whole of the work being paid for by the piece or by weight of sound work done, as in the case of armour-plates.

The rolling of a large armour-plate is comparatively tame work after the Bessemer steel process; but it is seen to perfection at the same works of Messrs. Brown. All thick plates at these works are made by rolling together inch plates, and then reducing the mass to the thickness required, by passing it between two powerful rolls, having a pressure of three or four thousand tons, worked by an engine of 300-horse power nominal, but always exerting a much higher power than this. The plate, heated in a close furnace opposite the rolls, is drawn out by two gangs of men, pulling with chains attached to huge pincers, placed on an iron truck, and rolled over the iron floor to the rolls, which grip the end and draw it through like so much baker's dough. A similar truck receiving it on the opposite side, it is returned for another squeeze, and so passes through about four times, when it is seen to be lengthened from 15 feet to 30 feet, and reduced from 13 inches down to 5½ inches. These immense masses of metal are handled with extraordinary ease. A slight explosion occurs at the first pressure of the rolls, sending out certain impurities and bubbles of air, but there appears to be no difficulty or danger whatever in the process, and if plates a yard thick were required they could undoubtedly be made with the same ease and perfection. The head man stands on a narrow platform above the



rolls, touching a screw now and then, and directing his men with a wave of the hand, very much in the cool self-possessed manner of the captain on the bridge of a steamer. He is paid at the rate of so much per ton of plates rolled, and pays his gang of men himself, the balance remaining being his own pay, and amounting not unfrequently to £20 a week, the average being £10.

There are at this time 3,300 men employed at these fine works, which have sprung up so recently that seven years ago the sheep were grazing on those fifteen acres where now the furnaces are roaring and blazing, and the armour-plates of the ships-of-war are being forged. These, however, are not so extensive as the works of Messrs. Krupp, at Essen, in Prussia, which occupy some miles of ground. The German manufacturers seem to entertain a very unworthy jealousy against the English; for when Mr. Brown, on a recent visit to Germany, requested to see these important works, permission was refused, notwithstanding that the Messrs. Krupp and their friends had been shown everything at the works of Messrs. Brown. This is a kind of policy which will certainly not prevent the Englishman from beating all competitors; and we may feel satisfied that, in the conversion of iron into steel on the immense scale described, our metal-workers have made a great stride in advance upon all their rivals abroad.

#### ENGAGEMENTS.

It is not of those romantic engagements which end in marriage or are "broken off" that we propose to treat, but rather of the matter-of-fact or matter-of-falsehood engagements which are pleaded or are invented in social life. No doubt the subject is not new; but it is in itself sufficiently interesting, and there are involved in it sundry little points which it is as well that we should from time to time call again to mind. It is quite possible to become so perfectly familiarized with any particular course of things or of conduct, that our moral perceptions are blunted so far as it and its real meaning are concerned. That, however, is scarcely the case with the matter now in hand. As regards the conventional plea of engagement, the attitude of the world rather is this:—every one sees that downright falsehoods are constantly made to serve the place of truth for social purposes, and the defence is that nobody is deceived by them. "A previous engagement" merely means, "I don't come." Whether it is in fact "I can't come," or "I won't come," is a matter which does not enter into consideration. It is sufficient that it expresses the bare fact that the person who pleads it is not to be reckoned among the expected guests. That was all that the inviter wished to know; it is all that the other desires to declare.

The most ordinary time and manner of pleading an engagement is by ordering "not at home" to be answered at the door at calling time. Of this plan there are dozens of plausible defences, all good alike, and bad alike. It is said, and it seems sufficient to say, that when it is asked "Is Mrs. — at home?" the question really is, "Can I see Mrs. —?" and so the answer, "Not at home," only means, according to the spirit of the question, "You can not see Mrs. —." It is argued that on the invitation cards of ladies it is stated, "Mrs. — at home," i.e., "Mrs. — will see her friends" at a certain hour of a certain day or night, and therefore "Not at home" means "Mrs. — will not see her friends." It is pleaded that no one is taken in by such an answer. The footman does not believe in the caller's anxiety to see his mistress; he does not believe that she is not at home, for he knows that she is lying by the fire with a book she must not be interrupted in. The caller in turn does not believe the answer given; goes so far perhaps as to say he is sorry; and leaves his card with a feeling of great relief. And it provides something to say on both sides when next they meet. "I was so sorry not to find you at home on Tuesday." "I was very sorry too; I shall hope to be more fortunate when you call next."

The whole system of calls and calling is open to very grave objections. To enter upon the miseries of a call when you really get in is beyond our present province, and would lead to most sad meditations and recollections. It is the artificial character of the out-door proceedings, and their unfavourable effect upon the moral consciousness of all persons engaged therein, that now demands attention. No one comes out of the affair with clean hands or a cheerful heart; for cheerfulness is scarcely the frame of mind of even the most successful caller, i.e., the caller who finds no one at home and knocks off half a dozen calls in a very short time. Of all things it is unedifying to the servants. Your footman jumps down, full of sympathy with your earnest desire to find your friend at home. Determined to do his very best, he rouses the house by the vehemence of

his summons, and makes his demands upon the resulting calves with an air that would infallibly conjure or bully the truth out of less callous material. He returns to the carriage-window with a well-bred absence of expression in his face, but doubtless grieved in his mind that the house should be reported empty of its owners. And he hears a sigh of pleasure accompanying the opening of the card-case—if, indeed, the cards were not ready long ago—of pleasure tempered by the intrusive thought that you may not be so lucky at the next house. The moral effect of such an example cannot be very improving to the servants employed; and we ought no doubt to hold ourselves responsible for very much that is to be lamented in the character and conduct of our men-servants and our maid-servants, great part of which is but an exaggeration of what they learn from us. An artificial untrue life descends from the reception-rooms to the regions "below stairs," and is there worse even than in the higher regions, for it is not corrected by the clearer understanding which "in society" draws a line between conventional and true,—a matter of less delicacy and less difficulty than to draw a line between conventional and untrue. And although to our quickened senses and well-trained conscience it seems impossible that our servants should imagine that we mean to tell an untruth, or mean to make them tell an untruth, when we ring the bell and say we are not at home to callers, it is after all not so certain that they do understand the matter properly. Great and gorgeous London footmen no doubt know all about it. They are a race of men above and below all ordinary rules and experiences. It is not to be supposed that anything deceives them; nor can it be suspected that any weakness on their masters' or mistresses' part can undermine their morals. But of the less gifted and less glorious beings in a lower development of the same walk in life, it is true that they are many of them among the most simple of mankind, as may be seen when they retire from public life and marry the baker's widow. A man who has in his service a varied assortment of calves in plush may plead that they are far more likely to damage his morals than he theirs; but if we descend a step or two in the social scale of domestics it is not so.

The alternative has often been tried—by mistresses who object to the apparent falseness of "not at home"—of desiring their servants to say "engaged;" but it has generally been without success. A caller is never quite comfortable in his own mind when he is told point blank that Mrs. — is in, but cannot see him; he would rather have it said she is not at home than that she is engaged; there is a little bit of a snub possibly lurking in the one answer, there is none in the other. And a very simple-minded country servant is so liable to be carried on from the fact to the nature of the engagement, especially if the caller chance to ponder over the original announcement. Thus some pieces of information of a peculiar description are sometimes conveyed to stray callers which do not especially tend to edifying. A raw lad is a sort of *enfant terrible*, reporting the whole perhaps of the sentence in which the necessity of pleading engagement was pressed upon him, and thus laying before the unwilling visitor his mistress's condensed views of men and things in general, and possibly of himself—the caller—in particular, in other than a conventional or civil dress.

But the written conventionalisms are more varied and more interesting than those which are confined to the brief dialogue between hall footman and carriage footman. There is more time to scheme and arrange particular falsehoods to meet particular cases, and wear the simple appearance of truth, when the answer is to be put on paper, and the principals themselves take action in the matter. The first question when an unwelcome dinner invitation arrives is naturally, "what excuse can we make?" Both the question and the various suggestions of solutions are likely to proceed from the feminine mouth. The suggestions are of a sufficiently transparent character. "My dear, will you dine with me on Thursday?—there now, you can say you are engaged." Or, "You promised to read about Lord Milton's Mr. O'B. and Mrs. Assiniboine to me some night this week, and there's no night but Thursday for it; I'm sure you can say you are engaged." Or, curtly, "I'll say we are sorry we are not able to go." Sometimes, when a little domesticity seems desirable, a good-natured friend is caught, and made to give invitations by word of mouth for every day for a fortnight, each in its turn being formally refused; and then, to every invitation for any one of those days it can with good conscience (?) be replied that an invitation for that day has already been refused; and if people are very false, it may be said in a flattering sort of regretful way, "so you see we really cannot give ourselves the pleasure." Another "very good plan" is this. Solemnly determine in private conclave that a stand



must be made against this constant visiting. Decide that the first and second invitation for each week shall be accepted, and that necessary work at home (the husband being, say, a literary man) shall be pleaded in answer to all others. This in itself would be well enough, but unfortunately the supervision of the working of the machinery is left entirely in the hands of the parties interested. And so it comes to pass that when a very desirable invitation comes third in order, one or other of the invited pair will say, "I think we *ought* to go"—*ought*, as if some one were to be seriously benefited, or, at any rate, some duty to ourselves or to morality in general were to be performed by gratifying our fancy and breaking through our rule. And it is found to be not practically impossible to leave a note of suspicious appearance, from a house we don't care about, unopened for a day, or even on a stretch for a couple of days, in the hope that a more agreeable invitation may arrive, and be opened, and answered in the affirmative, before the first-comer is explored; and then, of course, a previous engagement can be fairly (?) pleaded. If strictly and honestly carried out, such a rule as this, only to dine out twice a week, or three times a week, is an excellent rule, but any one who tries it will find that it requires a great deal of self-denial, that it leads to never-ending temptations, and is the cause of many and great disappointments. The slow and pompous people who coldbloodedly plot against the peace of their acquaintance, and determine to inflict a dinner upon them three weeks hence, issue their cards at once, and irrevocably engage the guests, defying fate and the proverbial mutability of human things. From that time forward the dinner looms more and more threateningly upon the man who dines out twice in the week by rule. He comes almost to hate his intending host, as he dreads each day that some very delightful invitation will come just when he has engaged himself for his statute two evenings. He arrives actually at the hating point when at last his fears prove true, and the opportunity of a bright, sparkling evening lies before him on the breakfast-table. Then come doubts and temptations. Is it right not to accept? His friend will be so sorry not to have him. He himself requires stirring up a little, and will still more require it after the pomposity of that dreadful dinner the day before. A man cannot go on working hard without recreation: especially, if it be mental work he does, without mental recreation. It will do him so much good to go. There will be some one there whom he really ought, as a matter of mere prudence, to lose no opportunity of cultivating. For the sake of his wife and children, he ought not to miss so good a chance. And so he either goes, or he is dreadfully disappointed, and does not quite see that self-denial brings its own reward. In such a case as this, and almost only then, the "very sorry" of the negative note means what it says.

It has been held by some stern and short-sighted moralists that when people ask their friends to dinner they merely mean to give them pleasure, and if one of the invited guests believes that it will be a greater pleasure to him to stay away, he will meet his inviter's wishes by declining, without ceremony, to come to the feast, and that too without apology or expression of regret. But of course the premiss is wildly incorrect. Besides other complicated objects which the giver of such entertainments may have, it is sufficient to observe that he probably selects from among his kinsfolk and acquaintance a homogeneous twelve or twenty, and asks them not as twelve individuals or twenty, but as a harmonious whole. And this should make invited guests less cruel in refusing. The unfortunate bride who wants to stay at home and talk to her busy husband when he has got a little rested after his day's work, and can enjoy the quiet of his own fireside, must sacrifice herself for the good and the enjoyment of others. A considerable number of ladies are most anxious to see her dressed; to appraise her jewels, criticise her neck, determine what it could be that her husband saw in her to make him choose her; to hear her sing, and after observation of her social qualities and accomplishments, to decide the great question shall they call upon her or not. And how cruel to disappoint all this curiosity. It was a law of the ancient Jews, in the early times of their occupation of Palestine, that a man should not go out to the wars during the first year of his married life, but should stay at home to comfort his wife. We recognise no such rule now, to the great grief of many a bridegroom and bride.

#### CAPTAIN HILL AND HIS WIFE.

It is not many years since active measures were taken to put down the sale of indecent prints and publications in Holywell-street, and the friends of morality rejoiced whenever

an offender was prosecuted to conviction and thrown into prison. With parents and guardians doing their best to bring up the youth committed to their charge free from contamination, it was rather too bad that there should exist a notorious mart for books and pictures calculated to undo all they were doing, and which might easily find their way into the hands of young lads through the agency of bad companions. For it might be reasonably predicted that a boy who would read one of the books sold in this mart, or retain in his possession one of its filthy prints, was in a fair way of shaping his course for a vicious life. We believe that through the energy of the police, Holywell-street, the Paternoster-row of these infamous publications, has been more or less purged of its abominations, and that readers afflicted with a morbid appetite for such food must look for it elsewhere. They have not far to seek. Except during the Long Vacation, seldom a week passes that the law reports of the daily papers do not reek with details which the filthiest publications of Holywell-street could hardly have surpassed. They are issued from the London press in hundreds of thousands, and are reproduced by the provincial journals throughout the country; and in this form society is flooded with indecent publications, quite as damaging to the morals of its youth as those for selling which, in another form, it would send an obscure wretch to prison. "A great divorce scandal" figures in the posters of the daily papers as a temptation to the public to buy them; and the temptation consists in the fact that the report of the scandal will teem with revelations, not couched in the coarse language which would disgust a reader, but in terms which will convey the poison without such offence, and perhaps with rather an increase than a diminution of its potency.

And for what end is all this danger to society, this sapping of the morals of old and young, incurred? It is not many days since on our breakfast-tables, in every reading-room, in every eating-house, in every office and place of business where a newspaper is taken in, we found amply reported the mutual infidelities of a drivelling idiot and a brazen-faced harlot who had been united in unholy matrimony. We were treated to a glimpse of the husband's life at the Argyle Rooms, and told of the facility with which this or that prostitute could carry him off with her; and with regard to his wife, the report was so plain-spoken and so little disposed to veil any part of her career, that the evidence of persons who almost witnessed her infidelities was printed, not in decent summary, but as it fell from their lips. We need not remind those of our readers who perused the report what a picture of infamy it presented, and of successful infamy. The abandoned woman led captive at least one colonel and one duke, not to mention an individual to whose social status we presume, it was owing that by consent he was mentioned in the case only as "O." Possibly, to some extent, the charm which she possessed to these persons consisted in the fact that she was a married woman; and it is as likely as not that the publication of the letter by which she lured the Duke of St. Albans into the list of her captives, and the revelations of her life made during the trial, may so far enhance her fascinations amongst the aristocracy, that she will become one of the most favourite Anonymas of the day. What she was in the beginning of her career we know not, but we have just read of another of her class who, though she could neither read nor write, could afford to pay £50 down for the hire of a brougham. Now, to say nothing of the corrupting influence which the mere perusal of the report of the Broadwood case must exercise upon the minds of a considerable percentage of those who read it, think of the temptation which it offers to young women possessed of the perilous gift of beauty, and earning an honest but poor living by their industry. We will not dwell upon this point. It is enough to say that unless there is strong, religious, or moral principle to resist the temptation, all that is wanting to make it triumphant is opportunity, which seldom fails.

Turn now to a more recent case, that of Captain Willoughby Hill and his wife. It has been twice before the Divorce Court, and is occupying the Court of Queen's Bench while we write, having already occupied it since Saturday last. Here again we find no reticence on the part of the reporters; they are too faithful to their reputation for accuracy to conceal anything; and what they report the journals which employ them publish. Day after day have the *Times* and our other daily contemporaries devoted much of their space to domestic revelations which, if possible, are worse than filthy. And they have not the excuse that any great question is at stake, for which a sacrifice of decency might be endured. Captain Willoughby Hill is not a gentleman for whose domestic wrongs, if he had any, we could find sympathy. If the evidence which has been adduced within the past week has any value, it shows



that while his health was in a state which should absolutely have prohibited the thought of matrimony, he prefaced the marriage ceremony by seducing the woman who was presently to be his wife. This honourable achievement took place under the roof of a man in whose house his wife had found a home when she had been driven from her own, and in which he himself was at the time received as a guest. So much for Captain Willoughby Hill. Of Mrs. Hill we have no desire to speak in terms of severity, but it is difficult to speak of her truly otherwise—if we are to believe what she has said of herself. There is, in the first place, the fact, that under the roof of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, who, she says, had shown her the love and protection of a father and mother, she permitted herself to be seduced. Then there is the damning fact, to which she confesses, that she read a book given to her by Captain Hill, of which the Lord Chief Justice says that any woman who could read it must be utterly lost to all sense of shame.

Whatever else may be doubtful in the case which during the last week has caused such a run upon the daily papers, the facts we have indicated are beyond question clear. Here is a man guilty, on unquestionable evidence, of an act of the most atrocious social perfidy; a man with whom no one who has any respect for himself would hold avoidable communication. On the other hand we have his wife; and if it were the duty of society to lend all its thoughts and sacrifice all its interests to the task of deciding between her and her spouse as to which is its less guilty member, we should say that bad, and very bad, as she is, the Captain is abominably worse. But now look at her for a moment. She was married on the 17th of May, 1860, when she had turned her majority. Three months before that, with marriage in prospect, she anticipated it by a consent which society neither will forgive nor ought to forgive. She dishonoured herself, and she dishonoured the friends—generous ones, according to her own account—under whose protection she had been living from the time that she was driven from her mother's house. Worse than that, if worse can be, she reads a filthy book, which her filthy-minded suitor gives her, and is only very angry with him when she has read to the end of it. Now it is solely for the purpose of doing justice between this profligate man and this weak and miserable woman, that for several days past our "indispensable" *Times* has been so immoral a publication, that no man who respects himself would allow it to remain on his breakfast-table after he had observed with what disgusting details its law columns overflowed. Is the game worth the candle? No doubt the *Times* sells better when it has such a treat as "A Great Divorce Scandal" to lay before its readers, abounding in indecent details, than when the contents of its columns are confined to the legitimate objects of decent journalism. But if the leading journal, able to set its contemporaries a virtuous example, sinks to the level of prints which, in order to get a circulation, must pander to the most vicious tastes, the state of the English press is very pitiable indeed; only less pitiable than that of the English people, who see what they have justly regarded as the bulwark of their liberties, converted every now and then into a channel for the dissemination of an impure and polluting literature.

#### THE RAMSGATE MURDERS.

To perfect our record of the Ramsgate and Holborn murders, we may just state that Stephen Forward, *alias* Ernest Southey, was this week tried at Maidstone for the former crimes, was found guilty, and sentenced to death. He made several attempts to convince the Court that he was insane, but the assumption was too transparent to deserve a moment's consideration. That he will be hanged there is no doubt, and it is quite as clear that, if ever criminal deserved hanging, he does.

#### OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

OXFORD residents have good reason to be startled with Mr. Maurice's account of the immorality of the place. Nor can they be expected to accept a scene out of Mr. Lockhart's "Reginald Dalton," published so many years ago, as a conclusive evidence of the present state of Oxford, in the very face of their own everyday experience. If Mr. Maurice thinks it is dangerous and indecorous for a lady to walk down the High-street, or indeed any Oxford street, unescorted; and if he holds that there would be neither the same indecorum nor the same danger in Heidelberg or Bonn, we must not buoy ourselves up with any hope that he will take one of the new villas building here, or recommend any of his friends to do the same. But we must also say that his fear (for we would rather call it fear than unkindly misrepresentation) is altogether

groundless. Not only is it possible for even young ladies to go about alone in Oxford, but it is actually the constant practice, nor is any complaint ever made; indeed, it may be satisfactory to your gentler readers to hear the verdict of a lady who has resided many years in Oxford, that it is one of the few large towns where a lady can walk unattended, "in a hat." Your correspondent does not profess to appreciate the full depth of this remark, but is informed that it implies a great amount of freedom. The fact that the streets from eight to nine, p.m., are noisy and crowded, and only too full of a class of persons who had better not be there at all, is nothing to the purpose, as at that time of night we do not expect to see modest young ladies out alone. But it is no doubt the case with "Reginald Dalton" as with the majority of books written about University life, that an exceptional occurrence is made to represent a custom; it gives point to a story, but it is at the expense of truth. Here is another instance of this. A vulgar book called "Liberty Hall," by a Mr. Reade, was published a few years ago. He took care that it should be seen that he intended, under this thin veil, to picture life at Magdalen Hall. Among many other coarse details in his book, he represents the undergraduates at a breakfast party emptying the bones off their plates under the table. Now we will ask any undergraduate if he recognises an every day breakfast party in this ghoul-feast?

An easy transition brings us to a question which is exciting an especial interest this term—the way in which Sunday is kept by the undergraduate world. The particular turn which the discussion has taken is whether the present arrangements of University sermons are satisfactory. The Vice-Chancellor has been already memorialized upon this subject, and the views of this memorial have been just made public in a pamphlet by Mr. Sandford, the Senior Censor of Christ Church. He contends that there are three classes whose interests require consideration: 1. The undergraduates who are not accustomed to attend University sermon. 2. Those undergraduates in various colleges who have recently made application for a weekly communion. 3. The college servants. The name of the first class is legion. The actual attendance at any ordinary University sermon is something miserably small. There is accommodation at St. Mary's for 400 undergraduates at the outside, but it is rare to see a quarter of these seats filled. On occasions the church is full to overflowing, when the Bishop of Oxford, or Mr. Liddon, or some other known orator, is announced to preach; and at least equally full when some one "of advanced opinions" is expected to dance on the edge of the pitfalls of heresy; otherwise, as Mr. Matthew Arnold's poem says, "It is a quiet time in the church of Brou." College chapel services are over by 9 a.m.; the morning University sermon begins at 10.30; the earliest evening college service is 4 p.m. Now, Mr. Sandford reminds us that the large class of those who do not attend University sermon, have therefore nothing particular to do from 9 till 4; so that there is no duty to prevent the breakfast party from sliding insensibly into luncheon and luncheon to end in idle lounging for the rest of the afternoon. And this is only too often the Sunday programme; bad for the undergraduates and very hard on the college servants. Also, Mr. Sandford feels that the friendly counsel of a college tutor, through the medium of a sermon in college chapel, is worth more to the undergraduates than the stately essay or doctrinal diatribe which they are likely to hear from the University pulpit; and that the afternoon University sermon might very well be abolished. The scheme of hours which he proposes to meet the requirements of his three classes is as follows:—

"Holy Communion at 8 a.m.; Morning Prayer at 10, when a College Sermon might occasionally be preached; the Morning University Sermon at 12."

Unfortunately St. Mary's is a parish church as well as the University church, and Mr. Sandford's proposals have roused the wrath of the vicar, the Rev. John Burgon. He answers with a second pamphlet to show, first, that such a change is impossible, and, as if that is not enough, that the proposal is utterly "unreasonable, impracticable, and mischievous." If the University Sermon was to begin at 12, Mr. Burgon's parish service would have to begin at 10 instead of 11.30. "This obviously settles the question." This decision has evoked a third pamphlet from Mr. Kitchin, who calls Mr. Burgon's ultimatum "the parochial *non possumus*," and suggests that in St. Mary's all parish arrangements ought to give way to University needs, and reminds us that the parochial services in St. Mary's have grown in length by the addition of an extra sermon. Mr. Burgon has more to say about the mischievous result of such a change, into which arguments we do not intend to enter; but he is not quite within the bounds of decency when he attacks Mr. Sandford for attempting to set on foot an undesirable scheme affecting the whole University, that he may use it as an engine for coercing his refractory and lounging undergraduates who worry him within the walls of Christ Church. Yet Mr. Burgon sounds a note which is willingly caught up by all parties: "Let the preaching at St. Mary's be improved!" "Let the sermons be kept within forty-five minutes!" "Amen" is our response to this. As it is, no depths of debility render a clergyman ineligible for the University pulpit when his turn comes round—as it is, no limit can be imposed on the length of his discourse. It happened one day that a member of that class which has been described as "so feeble that they cannot help speaking," preached a sermon that lasted for an hour and a half: on being remonstrated with he answered that it would probably be his only opportunity of laying his views before the University, and he wished to give them all. But Mr. Burgon sticks to the two sermons, and Mr. Kitchin is equally



positive that one sermon of the University type is better than two. "I am afraid," he says, "that human nature is too strong in the modern Don, to admit of his humbling himself (excellent as that discipline would be) to hear a homily at 2 p.m. from a strayed agricultural pastor."

An undergraduate-newspaper is announced for next term. We wish it well. Such ventures generally share the fate of Jonah's gourd; there is therefore all the more reason why we should be tender of them while they last. It may be altogether unlike the *Anti-teapot Review*, which is a magazine supported, as we are led to believe, by contributors from the University; if it is so, it may be worth printing. It proposes to be a faithful record of the athletic movements of the University, the details of which at present are read only in *Bell's Life* or the *Field*; but besides this, the projectors intend to discuss college abuses and college reform from an undergraduate point of view. We hope this department of the journal will temper judgment with mercy. It will doubtless be a shock to the heads of houses to be reminded that they are mortal; a severe lesson to deans and tutors to hear it suggested that their disciplinary arrangements are fallible. What shall they do? Shall the censors of Christ Church become censors of the press? Or perhaps it will be more manly for University authorities to set on foot an "Anti-undergraduate." We see our way pretty clear to several interesting articles. "Dredgings from Mercury," by the Dean and Chapter; Mr. Grant's "Decisive Battels of the World;" "Prison Discipline," by the Dean of Merton; "The Consumption of Smoke," by the Senior Proctor; "Morning Chapel," by a Rising Man. There need be no lack of a good deal of light reading like this, and the valuable result would be that two important classes would know something more of one another and of themselves.

Our Poetry Professor having, as he informed us in his last course of lectures, stayed for three weeks at Llandudno this summer, has mastered the Kymric language, and is giving us a critique upon Celtic literature. He studiously deprecates any special knowledge of the subject, and his audience are not any better acquainted with it; so we are waiting anxiously for the next lecture which is to reveal it to us; at present we have got no further than the vestibule of that vast Druidical temple. It is expected that the announcement of the next lecture will be headed, "An Eisteddfod will be held at the Taylor Institution."

The Oxford boat for the next University race at Putney promises to be a strong one. The contest between the two trial crews, over the Abingdon course, excited more than usual interest, and the result was at least worthy of all the interest that was shown about it. Mr. Hall, of University, and Mr. Shepherd, of Brasenose, had both of them seven stout oarsmen to back them up, and the event ended in a dead heat. Mr. Shepherd's boat was slightly the favourite, but at one period of the race he showed so much exhaustion that it was believed he had lost all chance, as he suffered Mr. Hall altogether to run away from him. But the last quarter of a mile worked wonders, and he gained upon his successful adversary stroke by stroke, coming in with so gallant a rush at the finish, that the bow of each boat passed the winning-post together. It will be hard if out of this force of sixteen, the wary president of the O. U. B. C. is unable to pick a magnificent crew to dispute the palm once more with Cambridge.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt even a sketch of the many athletic sports which the past term has witnessed. In spite of the winter weather, it was difficult not to believe that it was summer term with all the excitement of cricket, when day after day four-in-hand drags were seen making their way up to Cowley Marsh, or some other suitable locality, crowded with youthful pan-cratiasts; difficult not to believe that everybody was about to receive some distinguished testimonial when, every week, Mr. Rowell's window was full of silver or gilt cups, inkstands, claret jugs, &c. But these were not offerings to popular curates or railway directors, but prizes for strength and agility, sometimes the guerdon of a donkey race. This is the age of Milo; the apotheosis of muscle. The present generation has had its head turned by over-study at Plato's "Republic," and by slightly perverting that great master's views, has come to think that the prime element in education is *γυμναστική* instead of *μουσική*. But the *μουσική* has had a great field-day at the end of this term, by the fact of all the various examinations having come together, by the new arrangements: little-go dragging its slow length along almost into Christmas week. One strange result has been the decimation of college collections—so many undergraduates were either actually in for examination, or had just passed and had been sent down by that wise discipline which regards him who has so passed as a living incarnation of the spirit of idleness. But this wholesale system of sending down does not meet the views of Oxford tradesmen, who bitterly resent it, naively confessing that that is the very best harvest-time—when, flushed with unmerited, or unexpected, or even with well earned success, the triumphant candidate "takes it out" by ordering a number of those articles which young gentlemen who plead minority are fond of describing as "not absolute necessities."

MR. HENRY MORLEY, Lecturer on English Literature in the Evening Classes of King's College, London, and author of a work on the "Early English Writers before Chaucer," received last Saturday from his colleagues a handsome testimonial in the shape of a silver inkstand. It was presented to him on the occasion of his appointment as Professor of English Literature in University College, in which he succeeds Professor Masson. Professor Morley will continue his Evening Lectures in King's College until the end of the session at Easter.

## THE "LONDON REVIEW" CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. XXXVIII.—THE DIOCESE OF DURHAM.—No. 3.  
THE UNIVERSITY, USHAW COLLEGE, AND  
THE CITY SCHOOLS.

At the head of the educational institutions of the city of Durham stands the University. It is of modern origin, but, at the period of the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII., there existed in Oxford a college in connection with the monastery of Durham, called Durham College. This college was one of importance, and stood possessed of considerable endowments. At the Reformation it was disconnected from the priory, but in 1541 its advowsons and revenues were made over to the newly-created dean and chapter. The whole of these collegiate revenues were quietly absorbed by this venerable and pious body and applied to their own personal use and enrichment. The Dean and Chapter of Durham made no attempt to restore the college or to apply to their legitimate educational purposes the trust funds thus placed in their hands. In the time of Oliver Cromwell, indeed, a scheme was proposed, but the great Protector unhappily died before any definite plan had been decided upon. After a lapse of 170 years, during which the dean and chapter made no sign of any intention to apply the trust money to its original purposes, came the period of the Reform Bill, when the knell of abuses in Church and State seem to have been sounded.

In the year 1832, Bishop van Mildert and the Dean and Chapter of Durham applied to Parliament for leave to appropriate lands to the foundation and maintenance of a university. The rapid development of mining and engineering enterprises, by drawing within the diocese a large industrial population, had rendered the supply of the Church clergy totally inadequate to the demand; while, from the great distance of the see from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the then existing difficulty and expense of travelling, parents of moderate means were prevented from educating their sons for the priesthood. Parliament gave its sanction to a scheme by which the cathedral dignitaries were permitted to give up, for the maintenance of the proposed university, an estate in South Shields, of the gross annual value of £2,240. Bishop van Mildert, with praiseworthy liberality, gave £1,000 the first year, and £2,000 for every subsequent year until his death in 1836.

In 1841, upon the recommendation of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, an Order in Council was issued, by which other Chapter estates, to the gross annual value of some £5,000, were made over for the same object. A canonry in the cathedral of Durham was, by the same Order, annexed to each of the professorships of divinity and Greek, so that the University had for its support an annual sum of about £7,500, exclusive of the fees of students and divers benefactions then and subsequently made.

The University was opened for students in 1833, but its organization was not completed until 1837, when a royal charter empowered the University to bestow degrees, and its government was vested in the Dean and Chapter. The general affairs and management were, however, transferred to the Warden, Senate, and Convocation, the Dean and Chapter retaining nothing but a nominal power in their own hands. The Warden being a member of the chapter, the whole administration of affairs naturally came to centre in him. To place supreme power in the hands of this one Church dignitary was a most impolitic proceeding, as the result but too fully proved.

The schools of arts and divinity were first founded, and afterwards those of engineering and medicine. Several valuable prizes were offered for the encouragement of students. Out of the endowment no fewer than twenty scholarships were founded, of the annual value of £30, tenable for three years. At first, three-fourths of these were in the gift of private individuals, but this objectionable arrangement was afterwards put an end to, and the scholarships were placed at the disposal of the University authorities. In addition to these prizes, twelve other scholarships, ranging in value from £20 to £50 per annum, were given under particular conditions named by their founders. The fellowships were a still more attractive class of prizes. They were not only of greater value, but, under certain circumstances, were tenable for ten years. The fellows received £120 for the first six years, and £150 for the remaining four, if the owners had been ordained; if not, the fellowships lapsed at the end of the eighth year. Marriage or preferment to the extent of £200 a year put an end to the fellowship. Of these, six were founded at the commencement of the University.



and eighteen others were afterwards added. Altogether these premiums amounted to no less a sum than £3,000 per annum—a serious deduction from the endowments of the University. To provide an efficient staff of professors, their emoluments were fixed with considerable liberality. The professors of divinity and Greek were appointed, as we have seen, to canonries in the cathedrals; the professor of mathematics had a stipend of £700 a year; the five tutors, salaries of £150 a year, with a proportion of the students' fees. There were besides readers in law, medicine, Hebrew, history and polite literature, natural philosophy, and chemistry, all fairly remunerated.

The new University was launched under prospects of success, which unfortunately were far from being realized. For the first ten years but few students joined it. During the second decade a greater number entered, so that the hopes of the authorities were raised to the highest pitch. The students, however, fell off again so rapidly, that the whole scheme threatened to be a failure. It is stated that in one particular year the number of fresh entries did not exceed the number of professors. The greater portion of the teaching was thrown upon the tutors, while the duties of the professors appear to have been of the lightest possible description. The professor of mathematics had but five in his class, and those only for the elementary branches of study; in the higher branches he was altogether without pupils. The readers in law and other departments had so few students under them, that their appointments might have been considered as little more than sinecures.

The University of Durham was at length admitted to be a complete failure. This was attributed to various causes. The railway system no doubt offered students greater facilities for reaching the older Universities. The authorities of Oxford and Cambridge had successfully exerted themselves to reduce the former expense of education and residence. To students of promise and industry, moreover, the older Universities offered a more brilliant promise of advancement and distinction than the University of Durham. The falling off in the number of pupils has also been in part attributed to the antagonistic influence of the Nonconformist bodies. The University authorities deny that the interests of the institution were prejudiced by the opposition of the Dissenters, but in this assertion we can by no means agree. When the University was first established, the Nonconformists gave it their willing support. They were gratified by the liberal views expressed by many of its original promoters, but finding that the latter formed only a small minority of the governing body, the Dissenters naturally dissuaded all the students within the range of their influence from joining the new University.

Eventually a Commission was appointed to inquire into the cause of the failure of the Durham University, and to devise some scheme for its better administration. The investigation disclosed much that was faulty in the organization of the University, as well as gross inefficiency in some details of its management. The Commissioners concluded their labours by proposing a scheme for its future working, which, however, in part fell to the ground from its excessive and unpalatable stringency. The Dean and Chapter then brought their influence to bear on the matter, and the result has been several most salutary modifications in its laws and educational arrangements. Nothing, indeed, can be more liberal and attractive than the present prospectus of the Durham University. Under the new regulations the period of residence is extended to eight months in the year, instead of six as heretofore; and students in arts, on passing the requisite examination, will be admissible to the degree of B.A. after a residence of *two* years.

In the school of physical science, which has now been established, lectures will be provided on chemistry, geology, civil engineering, and other kindred subjects.

Various new exhibitions and scholarships have been founded, which, as well as those previously existing, will be disposed of by competitive examination.

No religious test or subscription will be required on matriculation, nor for admission to degrees, scholarships, or fellowships.

Persons also who are not matriculated students are allowed, under certain conditions, to attend the University lectures.

To place the advantages to be derived by an education in the University of Durham within the reach of students of moderate means, a scale of charges has been adopted so economical that we doubt whether it is not even lower than those of the colleges of St. Aidan's, Birkenhead, and St. Bees. The admission fees to the University, as well as the terminal expenses, do not exceed £8, including tuition fees to the

professors of the University, censor's fee, University chest and library, while the admission fees payable to each degree are as follows:—B.A., £5; license in medicine, £3; civil engineers, £3; M.B., £6; M.A., £6; license in theology, £3 (or for a B.A., £1); B.C.L., £6; B.D., £6; D.C.L., £10; D.D., £10; M.D., £6.

The expenses at the University College are equally moderate. The caution-money, as a guarantee against loss by terminal defalcation, is £20. This is returned to a student when he leaves the University, if his debts to the college have been discharged, while his terminal expenses, including rent of college-rooms, college servants, detriments, gaslights, and coals, do not exceed £9. 11s. The college commons do not exceed 14s. per week. These terms must be admitted to be most moderate. The desire of the University authorities to attract students of limited means is still further evinced. The University is comprised of one college and two halls,—Bishop Hatfield's and Bishop Cosin's. At the two halls the expenses are still more moderate than in the college, while the social position of the students is the same.

Students becoming members of the University of Durham need not be under the slightest apprehension that when they take their degrees their names will not be found in good company. Among the list of members holding the doctor of divinity degree, we find the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishops of Cape Town, Wellington, Nelson, British Columbia, Gloucester and Bristol, the Archdeacon of Cape Town, the Master of University College, Oxford; the Dean of Durham, the President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; the Archdeacon of Colchester, and the Bishop of Columbo. In the D.C.L. list are the names of the Earl of Enniskillen, Viscount Chelsea, Sir David Brewster, and Lord Teignmouth. In the M.D. list are Dr. Headlam, President of the College of Medicine, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Drs. Edward Charlton and Thomas Heath, University Lecturers on Medicine. In the Mus.D. degree are the Rev. Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, Professor of Music in the University of Oxford; William Henshaw, and the Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Minor Canon of Durham Cathedral. In the B.D. list, the Rev. Temple Chevallier, F.R.Ast. Soc., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy to the University of Durham; the Rev. William Darnell, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; the Rev. Charles Abel Heurtley, late Canon of Christ Church and Margaret Professor of Divinity, Oxford; the Rev. James Bowling Mozley, late Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford; the Ven. Robert Wilson Evans, Archdeacon of Westmoreland. In the B.C.L. degree we find the Rev. Charles Kingsley and Charles Waring Faber. In the M.A. list, the Right Hon. Sir Charles Edward Grey, late Captain-General and Governor of Jamaica and Dependencies; and the Right Hon. Lord Wensleydale, late Baron of the Exchequer; the Ven. Richard Charles Coxe, Archdeacon of Lindisfarne; Mr. Henry Fenwick, M.P. for Sunderland; the Rev. George Henderson, Head Master of Leeds Grammar School, and a host of others of equal celebrity or talent.

The present prospects of the University of Durham may be regarded as most hopeful. It possesses a learned, energetic, and conscientious body of professors. The students' expenditure in College and Hall is not only most moderate, but great care is taken by the authorities to guard against undue personal extravagance on the part of the young men. The prizes open to competition are perhaps more numerous than are to be found in any similar institution in the kingdom. The liberality of the University on religious subjects appears to leave little to be desired by the most rigid Nonconformist. Apart from these attractions, it would be difficult to point out in England building accommodations more perfectly adapted for the purpose, or of more beautiful architectural elevation than those of the University of Durham. There is something truly majestic in the whole group formed by the cathedral, the library, and the castle, in which the lectures and studies of the University are conducted, occupying as they do an elevated position on a hill which commands both the town and surrounding country. The success of the Durham University is intimately connected with the welfare of the Church, and its future usefulness in the diocese. One great means of Church extension would be the establishment of a large Divinity school in the University, attended by students resident in the diocese, and who are already acquainted, to a considerable degree, with the habits and modes of thought of the population.

The educational institution which stands next in importance in the city of Durham to the University is the Grammar School. It stands on the south side of the Wear, in a most advantageous position, both as regards the beauty and convenience of the site. The principal building was finished in



1844, and class-rooms and a new hall have been added since that period. The pupils now number about one hundred and fifty. They are mostly, we understand, members of families living at some distance from Durham, very few of whose inhabitants manifest a desire to profit by the advantages this well-conducted school offers. Attached to the building are extensive recreation grounds, where athletic sports are practised.

The Durham Grammar School is provided with an effective staff of masters. Six of these are clergymen, the principal of the school being the Rev. Dr. Holden. The dean and chapter are, by the deed of foundation, its governors, and are responsible for its management. The course of instruction differs little from that carried out in the better class of our public schools. It embraces, in the first instance, classics and mathematics, which are supplemented by classes in foreign languages, writing, drilling and fencing, drawing and singing, under competent instructors. Progress is promoted by a system of examinations and by the stimulus of prizes, the distribution of which is accompanied at Midsummer by the public delivery of classical recitations—a feature in the school management which has been introduced by the present head master with great success. For the reward and maintenance of scholars of moderate means, the school possesses no fewer than eighteen foundations, called King's scholarships, which are of the annual value of £40, and are tenable for five years, if not forfeited by misconduct. In addition to these are two scholarships of £15 a year each, tenable at any college or hall at Oxford or Cambridge; five scholarships of £10 a year each for St. Peter's College, Cambridge; an annual exhibition of £30 at St. John's College, Cambridge; and another of £16 at the same college; two scholarships value respectively £30 and £15 a year at the University of Durham; an exhibition of £40 for three years, tenable at the University of Durham by natives of the deaneries; and the Patynson scholarship at Christ's College, Cambridge of £20 a year. As the present number of pupils does not exceed one hundred and fifty, it will easily be perceived how liberally merit is rewarded in the Durham Grammar School. The old school building, which still remains on Palace Green, has carved on its old oak wainscot the initials of many men of great celebrity, who were educated within its walls. Among others, may especially be noticed those of Viscount Hardinge, late Commander-in-Chief of the British army; Sir Charles Grey, formerly Chief-Justice of Bengal; Sir Robert Murchison; Selby, the author; and John Graham, afterwards Bishop of Chester.

Among the charitable educational institutions of the city of Durham, the first in importance is the Blue Coat School, founded in 1708. For some years after its opening, it afforded instruction and clothes to only nineteen pupils—thirteen boys and six girls. It gradually increased till 1826, when it numbered 207 boys and 100 girls. Fifty children of each sex were also clothed. Afterwards, this charity underwent a rapid change for the worse, and by degrees the pupils diminished, till at last the free scholars numbered only twenty-five. It was then placed under Government supervision, and it again recovered much of its former prosperity. An infant school, an establishment much wanted in the neighbourhood, was also added. At present the entire number attending the schools is about four hundred.

Durham has also its ragged school. It is of comparatively recent origin, and was much needed. This institution, however, hardly succeeds so well as it deserves, the numbers on the books scarcely exceeding sixty, and about two-thirds of that number constituting the average attendance. This is attributed to an investigation on the part of the committee of the claims for admission, so careful and indeed rigid in its character as to be somewhat at variance with the specified objects of the institution, which were "to relieve the public from juvenile vagrancy, mendicancy, and subsequent depravity; to rescue as many children as possible from degradation and misery, and prepare them for a useful and respectable course of life." If these were really the primary reasons for the formation of the school anything like exclusiveness in the selection of the children appears to be somewhat displaced.

Besides the institutions we have named, there is an excellent Diocesan Training College for young men, and a Training School for females. The sphere of work for the College consists of the two counties of Durham and Northumberland. It is managed by a committee consisting of the Bishop for president, the three Archdeacons and the Dean and Chapter, and the remainder being laymen. The average annual cost of this institution is about £2,300. This sum is raised principally by the fees of pupils, either assisted through the Privy Council Office or paid by individuals, as well as by public

subscriptions and donations. The Training School for females was instituted in 1858. A knowledge of the art of teaching is obtained by the pupils in the girls' and infant schools attached to the institution.

It is painful to us as Churchmen to have to relate that, although the city of Durham possesses so many well-endowed Church educational institutions, the Church of England has to a lamentable extent failed here, as elsewhere, to win the sympathies and confidence of the working classes. Thus we found no fewer than 220 children of the humbler classes receiving spiritual instruction from the Independent Dissenters, 200 from the Wesleyans, 150 each from the Primitive Methodists and Methodist New Connexion, and 500 from the Roman Catholics, a portion of the latter being from the outskirts of the town. In other words, in this cathedral city, eminently endowed for Church of England instruction, with a gross population not exceeding 13,000, no fewer than 1,220 children of the working classes are receiving spiritual instruction in principles adverse to the Church.

The Church University of Durham has a formidable rival. Within an easy walk of the town, and within sight of the towers of the cathedral, stands the celebrated Roman Catholic College of Ushaw. This institution owes its origin to the English Catholic Secular College at Douay. The members of this college left France in consequence of the persecutions they suffered in the time of the first French revolution. They first established a college at Crook Hall, near Durham, of which the eminent historian, Dr. Lingard, was the first Professor of Divinity and Vice-President. This establishment was soon found to be too small for the number of students who applied for admission, and the site of the present edifice was purchased for the erection of another college of far greater dimensions. The building of the new college was commenced in the year 1804, and on the 19th of July, 1808, the president and the whole community removed to their new habitation. Ushaw is now the principal Roman Catholic College in the country, and many of the most celebrated dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in England received their education within its walls. The site of the College is admirable. It is situated in its own grounds, which are very extensive, the college owning or renting no fewer than 1,000 acres of land. Since its commencement vast additions have been made to the original building, which now contains more than 300 pupils, besides a very numerous staff of professors and tutors averaging, we were told, one to every ten students. But, extensive as the present buildings are, they are totally inadequate to the number of pupils desiring admission. The South front is flanked by a beautiful chapel fitted up in the interior with great magnificence, and on the East by a noble library, containing more than 20,000 volumes. The refectory is a splendid hall 61 feet long, by 36 feet in breadth, and adorned with portraits of the founders and patrons of the institution. Among these the late Cardinal Wiseman, who was educated in the college, stands pre-eminent. Among the objects of interest in Ushaw should especially be named the beautiful chapel of St. Cuthbert, built from the design of the celebrated ecclesiastical architect, Mr. W. A. Pugin. There are also two exquisite little chapels joined by a cloister to the main building, also from the designs of Mr. Pugin. The splendour of these chapels is so great as hardly to be in keeping with the simplicity generally observed in purely educational establishments; but they owe their erection and embellishment to the liberality and gratitude of the old pupils or their relatives. In connection with the college there is a noble infirmary 180 feet long, but for which, fortunately, there is but little necessity, the sanitary condition of the college being so satisfactory that only two or three beds are usually occupied. At a short distance from the college, but totally distinct from it, is a school for boys. The students from Ushaw College furnish a large proportion of the Catholic priesthood for the north of England. At the time of our visit we found no fewer than 150 young men preparing for the priesthood, while the divinity students in the University of Durham did not exceed fifteen or twenty.

We have already in former articles expressed a conviction, founded upon personal observation, that the power and influence of the Roman Catholics are rapidly increasing in the diocese of Durham. Whether the Church of England is paying the penalty of the sloth, the apathy, the greed and rapacity of former bishops and cathedral dignitaries and clergy within the diocese it would be useless to inquire. With a population scarcely exceeding 13,000 souls, with a University possessing an earnest and learned staff of professors, with an admirable Grammar School, a Blue Coat School, a Training College, and other institutions directly or indirectly connected with the Church of England—the whole under the patronage and oversight



of a bishop and body of clergy unaffectedly zealous for the Church—an indisputable majority of the children of the working classes are notwithstanding receiving spiritual instruction, adverse to Church doctrines, from Nonconformists and Roman Catholics, who especially hold and inculcate principles unfavourable to the union of the Church of England with the State. It would appear, therefore, that in no diocese in England is the Church called upon for more strenuous and more self-denying exertion. Increased energy on the part of the University, increased zeal for the promotion of Church education among the children of the working classes, and, above all, increased liberality on the part of the laity in furtherance of a judicious and well-considered scheme of Church extension, are imperatively demanded, if the Church within the diocese of Durham is to make head against her numerous adversaries.

## FINE ARTS.

## GUSTAVE DORÉ.

It becomes a matter of some anxiety when we find a sort of invasion of our illustrated literature made by an artist who might be called the Napoleon of caricature. It was not altogether agreeable to see the grand visions which Dante called up, and most assuredly never intended to be exaggerated by any artist hand, converted into horrid nightmares. A poet may suggest visions, and describe them in the grand, high-sounding music of his verse; but the attempt to place these on paper has nearly always failed in the hands of serious artists, and, in our opinion, the genius of M. Gustave Doré was anything but one suited to illustrate the great poem of Dante. That many persons think otherwise we know from the very general admiration so constantly bestowed upon these works of M. Doré; but we doubt whether many would be found of this number who would be able to say they thought them adequate to the purpose, and conceived in a kindred spirit of Italian art. We suspect, in many cases, people wonder at, rather than admire, these works, and if they were to question themselves would probably find that it was Doré that attracted them rather than Dante. Just as we see a conceited actor sometimes take the stage and tear a passion to tatters, till his tragedy makes us roar, so, we must confess, does M. Doré affect us when he means to be pathetic. A propensity of this tendency, which amounts to a failing, is, as it seems to us, fatal in an illustrator: humour the most delightful, because of its gentle undercurrent, becomes the grotesquery of the clown and imp; and pathos is lost in the convulsions of physical pain and spasmodic agony. Doré, in fact, has added nothing but a peculiar, monkey-like repulsiveness and fiendish personality to those horrible assemblages of human beings tormented by demons which Orcagna, and other painters of the time of Dante, represented as they were bound to do, being good churchmen of their day. If the purpose were merely to strike out something new and foreign to those illustrations of the same fine poetry which were conceived by Canova, Flaxman, and Cornelius, something opposite to the classical idea which was evidently in the mind of Dante himself, here we have it offered by M. Doré. But, then, we have to remember the eternal truth, that beauty of idea is allied with beauty of form, as we see it so implicitly followed in the antique representations of the gods of the Greeks and Romans, again in the prophets and apostles of Masaccio, Michelangelo, and Raphael, and constantly relied upon by modern artists of the religious school. No one for a moment supposes that these grand creations of art pretend to be like the Elijahs and John Baptists of the ancient wilderness, and the dark-skinned fishermen of Galilee. These ideal representations possess a general truth which appeals to all the world as expressing certain human feelings and aspirations, although the personification adopted and other conventionalisms have the least possible resemblance to the actual facts. Art has its mode of expression, and beauty is its prime element: hence the great sculptors and painters of all time never permitted themselves to paint in the spirit of positivism which M. Doré indulges; they abjured the real for the ideal, and shunned everything horrifying to the senses. M. Rénan attributes the fall of Gothic art to the want of this taste:—"L'art du moyen âge tomba par ses défauts essentiels, et parce qu'il ne sut pas s'élever à la perfection de la forme."

With the singular and rather unaccountable exception of the architectural sculptors of the Gothic, and the ornamentalists of that period who revelled in their grotesques, the old masters never stood, as it were, outside their work, and mocked and sneered at the subject. This is, as it seems to us, what M. Doré does almost in every line; we see it in his "Crucifixion," in "The Wandering Jew," in many of the illustrations of the "Inferno," which betray a fiend-like cruelty in the bare invention displayed in exhibiting the sufferings of the wicked. We see it again in the way in which our most glorious gentleman of knight errantry, Don Quixote, is made to look ridiculous and contemptible beyond all limit, and entirely against the ideal of Cervantes. Our Leech would have done justice to the humour of the story, without this proportionately absurd violence. So would Leslie, and indeed did in more than one instance, notably in the "Sancho Panza before the Duchess." One of the most glaring instances is the large cut of Don Quixote lying wounded and melancholy, his head buried

in the pillow and his face and nose plastered up, with one eye patched over and the other bloodshot and glazed, averted with a ghastly look; his bony hands, with their swollen veins, clutching the bed-clothes. This is a ghastly study from some hospital of criminals.

If the object in illustrating a beautiful work of literary art is to make us turn over the pages to laugh at the pictures, then it is accomplished. Our caricatures of the time of Gilray and Rowlandson are precisely analogous in their art with the illustrations of M. Doré, although his admitted genius raises his work to that pitch of popular favour which we think so detrimental, not to say demoralizing, in its influence.

Hogarth had, with all his leaning towards caricature, a humorous, as well as a serious, side to his mask, and was also superior to M. Doré in his naturalness. The portrait of Dante as frontispiece is an outrage upon the ideal which Giotto painted from the life upon the wall of the old palace of the Podestà at Florence; that was a face full of the dreamy-rapt expression of the poet, while this is a head full of sardonic spite and half-savage cruelty. We might at least have been spared this—we might have had a real portrait; but M. Doré must make all his figures pass in his own phantasmagoria. Perhaps, however, M. Doré never intended to try his hand at portraiture—one of the severest touchstones of art; he merely proposed to give us his idea of Dante, just as his illustrations convey the materialistic view which he takes of the poem. M. Doré's talent finds a most congenial occupation in such works as his illustrations to the works of "Rabelais," "La Légende de Croque-Mitaine," "Les Contes Drolatiques," "Le Roi des Montagnes," the adventures of Jules Gérard, the lion-hunter, "Atala," by M. de Chateaubriand, and some others, including an extraordinary number of drawings. But the amazing facility shown by such an amount of work is still more wonderful when we see that he has undertaken the greatest of all forms of illustration—that of the Bible. We must confess to something of a twinge at the first thought of a Bible illustrated by M. Doré. These illustrations have now been exhibited by the publishers of the work in London (Messrs. Cassell & Co.), and the first numbers of the Bible are, we believe, already published. There are no less than 230 large page drawings, which, viewed simply as the working of one man constantly engaged for four years, and of those wood engravers who have been employed upon it, are really remarkable as an undertaking successfully accomplished, and a very costly one. The sum expended upon the artistic part of the work is stated to be more than £15,000.

In this important application of his abilities, M. Doré has evidently endeavoured to be more in accordance with the common taste, and has followed more the ordinary forms of pictorial composition; at the same time there is abundant originality to be noticed in his treatment of subjects which have so constantly furnished themes to the painters for so many ages. Generally, indeed, the influence of the works of the old masters is little perceptible in the various compositions, and we notice rather that of Horace Vernet and those of the French school who have studied in the East. Still, the designs throughout, though certainly not so characteristic of Gustave Doré as those of the "Wandering Jew," for example, exhibit some of those points of distinction which we have endeavoured to show are peculiar to his style. Wherever it is possible to call in his power for representing any of the terrible catastrophes and massacres like that of the seventy sons of Ahab, related in the Old Testament, he is sure to give way to his peculiar inclination. Thus, his picture of "The Deluge" is rendered effective by the heaps of corpses cast together in every conceivable attitude, and a tigress is introduced upon a rock in the waters striving to save her young. It is remarkable that painters of the highest class have generally avoided the subject of the Deluge. John Martin essayed it of course, for he was one of those artists who, like Haydon, are perpetually grasping after the greatest subjects, with neither the genius to conceive nor the learning of hand to represent, if they even caught, an inspiration. Several of the Bible illustrations are rendered needlessly horrible by the absolute cruelty they represent: whole families weltering in their blood, executioners spearing and stabbing them in the most painfully real manner, and their countenances and attitudes exhibiting the most hideous struggles for life or piteous suffering. On the side of art all this must be viewed as an error; and, as illustrative of the Bible, it defeats its purpose. There may be lessons to be learnt at the gratings of the Morgue, but surely those of the Bible need no study of this kind to enforce them.

It is seldom that we remark in any of M. Doré's works any kindness and warmth of expression, any touch of human sympathy from the artist himself. We are amazed with the cleverness of hand, the inventiveness, the feeling for effect of light and shade, which in his landscape sometimes amounts to what might be called impressive; but we look in vain for anything like the tenderness and refinement, and above all the religious feeling which so elevates the sacred art of the great masters. At least if they had not all of them the religious feeling of Angelico, they had the good taste to assume it when they painted religious subjects. If we are not mistaken, there is an illustrated Bible for which we have to thank the same enterprising publishers, which has the subjects taken from the old masters and some of the modern painters; it is only necessary to compare these two works to see that in the criticisms here ventured upon the just estimate has been taken. It is not that the great ability of M. Doré has failed to sustain him, and that he has not constrained himself very greatly throughout these illustrations of the Bible with far more of the continence of art



which belongs especially to sacred subjects, but that his peculiar feeling is not generally in accordance with the themes. In the interests of art, and not for the sake of preferring our own artists, we should imagine that the Bible could be illustrated in a manner more correct and in better taste. This work clearly originated in France, and it is essentially French; it is a great commercial undertaking, and must therefore be "made to pay." For this reason, chiefly, we presume, has its circulation been extended to this country, where possibly the taste for the sensational and the unconventional in every shape may welcome such a form of sacred illustration. The next achievement offered to M. Doré we shall expect to see will be the illustration of Milton's "Paradise Lost," although this would demand a feeling for angelic beauty which as yet we see no sign of in his works. He has never yet drawn a beautiful woman, at least in his book illustrations. This leads us to remark of all M. Doré does in the figures of his compositions, that the drawing is never understood. His muscular action, we can see, is never founded in a knowledge of the figure, but, being made up of knotty-looking limbs in forced attitudes, the purpose is served of producing a forcible resemblance. We see much the same thing in the common French every day illustrations, which are often irresistibly comic and most cleverly touched. We see it in Gavarni, in George Cruikshank, but not in Mr. Tenniel or Mr. Leighton, or the Brothers Dalziel or Mr. Gilbert, all of whom are perfect in their knowledge of the figure, at least as far as they attempt it. However, let us not be envious of such a clever illustrator, or make comparisons where they may be out of place. We are disposed to place him in a niche by himself, to be admired much as we do his great double in literature, Alexandre Dumas; but as to accepting him as an illustrator of any subjects not grotesque, fantastic, and French of the Reign of Terror order—that is quite another thing. A word remains to be said as to the method of execution adopted—it might be said invented—by M. Doré. This is most effective in giving great depth and great brilliancy in the lights; and nothing can surpass the finish of the wood-engravings by M. Pisan and M. Pannemaker, who appear to have acquired some peculiar qualities in their art as yet unknown to English wood-engravers.

## THE LONDON THEATRES.

### CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

WHATEVER changes may have taken place in the outward and visible signs of an English Christmas; whatever mysterious variations of climate may have substituted warm rains and clammy fogs for black frosts and silent snows; whatever slight improvements in manners may have got rid of much of the gluttony and drunkenness which used to be associated with this great Christian festival, there is one mode of keeping Christmas which remains unaltered. The Bank rate of discount may be at three per cent. or ten per cent.; the four-pound wheaten loaf may be at sixpence or a shilling; the London workhouses and soup-kitchens may be besieged by half-famished crowds, or there may be that bare plenty amongst the poor which rejoices beer-shop-keepers, and is not beloved by pawn-brokers; but, in defiance of weather, temperance, prosperity, or poverty, five-and-twenty metropolitan theatres always open with unfailing punctuality on Boxing Night, and always open with the same class of entertainment. The stage is the most timid and conservative institution in England—the most averse to change, new experiments, and unconventionality; and, for at least a century and a half, it has clung to pantomimes and spectacles at the Christmas season without daring to inquire whether any other productions would suit its particular market. During all this time, probably, and certainly during the last quarter of a century, each manager has conducted his business according to routine and precedent, has avoided, in every way, the terrible trouble of thinking, and has striven in every way to copy his neighbours. The much-abused "red-tapeism" of Government offices is a mere trifle compared with theatrical routine and determination to stand on the ancient ways. Old mechanical appliances, long proved to be clumsy and ineffective, old scenic deformities that do all they can to destroy stage illusion; old tricks of elocution or action, handed down from actor to actor, from the days of Shakespeare or Dick Tarleton; old exits and entrances, the traditions of which are preserved by fossil prompters like the tenets of an ancient faith; everything, in fact, that can tend to promote a dead level of sameness—a painful uniformity—in every corner of the drama is clung to and respected by managers. Reformers, with more or less daring, like Mr. Fechter, the Anglo-French actor, or Mr. Boucicault, the Americanized Irishman, appear occasionally; but the innovations they venture to introduce are received with suspicion and dismal prognostications of failure. On all sides they hear nothing but the cry of Tennyson's Lotus-eaters—"Let us alone"—and they have consequently very little effect upon the existing system.

With such a banded determination to tread in well-beaten tracks—to adhere to the known in preference to the unknown—it is not surprising that a form of entertainment which is often contemptible, and generally gaudy and boisterous, is always forced upon playgoers every Christmas. For one pantomime which had an exceptional value given to it by the dramatic genius of Grimaldi, for one extravaganza or burlesque which has been raised into something like art by the pictorial taste of Mr. Beverley, a hundred have frayed their dreary hour upon the stage, without being enlivened by wit, humour, grace, or fancy. The construction of such pieces

has been reduced to a mechanical trade, the rules of which might be written in a small handbook, or taught to a youth of average intelligence in half a dozen lessons. Year after year, month after month, at theatre after theatre, the same old dish of dramatic pastry is laid out, the same fairy scenes are contrasted with the same dismal scenes, the same mumbling ogres in hideous masks act as foils to the same glittering ladies in pink and white dresses, the same puns, the same songs, the same dances, and combinations, the same clap-trap tricks and mincing attitudes, the same obvious allusions to a few topics of the day, are presented to audiences who are not easily insulted. Where passion and feeling are required in acting, the lime-light, or some equally degrading substitute, is made to supply their place. One season a novelty may be introduced in the shape of a new "ghost effect," a trick in which plate-glass always plays a prominent part. Another season the town, pushed on by all the modern arts of bill-sticking and sensational advertising, may be sent running after a one-legged cripple like *Donato* who danced so as to conceal his physical defect. Another season it may be induced to tolerate a notorious woman from America, like Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, who strides about in an equestrian play called "Mazeppa" in the flimsy costume of a Turkish bather. Elaborate "transformation scenes," the Apotheosis of gold-leaf and tin-foil, the worthy rivals of vulgar gin-palace splendour, develop with monotonous slowness after having absorbed all the energy and capital of managers. The same low-art burlesque introductions, "or openings" as they are technically called, lead up to these senseless combinations of extravagance; and the same riotous street scenes, each one constructed to show as many trading puffs as possible duly paid for, always follow the *Great Surfeit of Gas*, and conclude the pantomime. Poor as these Christmas productions may seem, regarded from no very high art point of view, they form nearly the whole original British drama. The five-and-twenty London theatres, built at a cost of at least £400,000 sterling, are kept open during the greater part of the year with dramas imported from France. With the exception of a few farces of passing interest to an occasional comedy, every play produced is a translation from the French, with French characters, French modes of thought, and French immorality. When the translator gives scenes and characters English names, and takes out much that he thinks would be offensive to an English audience, he calls himself an adapter, and thinks he is entitled to conceal the name of the foreign inventor of the play, and to secure all the honours as well as profits of original authorship. In some instances fortunes have been made out of these purloined plays. Mr. Tom Taylor's "Ticket of Leave Man," adapted from the French drama "Leonard," is a notorious case in point; but no acknowledgment of obligation, not so much as a ring or a breast-pin, was ever known to have been sent over from adapter to author. We hear a good deal about the low morality of the stage, but we can hardly expect certain actors and actresses to be without reproach, when playhouses are little more than receptacles for stolen property.

The following are the Christmas pieces properly so called, which will be produced next week for the amusement of play-goers and holiday-keepers.

At Covent Garden the pantomime will be called "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp;" the burlesque opening will be by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the scenery by Mr. T. Grieve, and the chief pantomimists will be the excellent Payne family, who are as superior to the ordinary race of clowns as Mr. John Parry is to music-hall comic singers. Drury Lane will be provided with a pantomime called "Little King Pippin," written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and adorned with scenery by Mr. Beverley. The Haymarket will have a version of Offenbach's best comic opera, "Orphée aux Enfers," written by Mr. Planché, the father of modern burlesque-writers. The Olympic will have a Christmas extravaganza; the Prince of Wales's will produce a new operatic burlesque by Mr. H. J. Byron, on the subject of "Don Giovanni;" Astley's will purge itself of Menken, and perform a pantomime called "Tom the Piper's Son;" the new Surrey Theatre will open with a novel pantomime called "King Chess;" the New Royalty will produce a burlesque extravaganza called "Prometheus;" Sadler's Wells will have a pantomime written by Mr. C. Milward, called "Cock-a-doodle-do;" the other local theatres will all have pantomimes, many of them produced with as much or even more attention to scenic detail than is bestowed upon the burlesques and pantomimes at the large central houses. The Polytechnic and the Crystal Palace will each have special holiday attractions; the Alhambra will make another advance as a ballet-theatre, by placing two elaborate divertissements on the stage, with patented scenery by Mr. William Calcott; and the Agricultural Hall will be once more turned into a huge hippodrome and riding-circus. The Princess's Theatre will rely upon Mr. Charles Reade's drama "It is Never too late to Mend;" the Lyceum will bring out nothing in addition to the drama of "The Master of Ravenswood" ("Lucia di Lammermoor"), which is to be performed for the first time to-night (Saturday); the St. James's will rely upon a new extravaganza of the Critic order, performed on Thursday, and called "Remember the Grotto; or, the Manageress in a Fix;" the Adelphi will produce a new farce for Mr. J. L. Toole (who has returned from a long provincial tour), and will still retain Mr. Jefferson and the popular drama of "Rip van Winkle." Shortly after Christmas, Offenbach's comic operetta, "La Belle Hélène," will be produced. This is not the composer's best work, and it is rather free and easy in its morality, but it has several really comic and effective duets and concerted pieces. It is very popular in Germany. The Strand



Theatre will rely chiefly on Mr. Burnand's burlesque of "The Africaine," assisted by a new drama written by Mr. John Brougham, and called "Nelly's Trials."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The examination and election of candidates for the King's Scholarship, Westmorland Scholarship, and Potter Exhibition, took place on Monday and Tuesday, the 18th and 19th instant. The board of examiners were—Mr. C. Lucas (principal of the R.A.M.), Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Signor Guglielmo, both unengaged in this institution. The candidates elected were—For the King's, Miss M. Bauermeister; for the Westmorland, Miss Emma Buer; and for Potter, Mr. Arthur Fox. The following candidates were highly commended by their examiners:—For the King's, Misses Vokins, F. Kingdon, and A. E. Percy; for the Westmorland, Misses S. Chadwick, M. Watts, and Josephine Williams.

### SCIENCE.

At the meeting of the Society of Arts, which took place on the 13th inst., an important discussion occurred relative to the quality of London milk. Mr. J. C. Morton, who communicated the paper of the evening, admitted the dilution of the milk, but stated that the milk supplied to Londoners is superior to that supplied in certain parts of the country. He entered into statistics to show that house-fed cows in Gloucestershire could produce milk which must be sold at about 7½d. per gallon, without covering the loss from disease or death. He stated that, after examining the London cow-houses for two months, he was convinced they did not originate the cattle-plague; for many of the cleanest houses had the stock swept away, whilst some of the filthiest had escaped the plague altogether. The London milk commonly sold is one-third water, and some compounds are sold which are only one-third milk; of five samples of them from the Strand district four were exceedingly adulterated. Chalk is not used in adulteration, because it is insoluble; and the statement that brains and filthy animal-jellies are added is an utter fiction. The North-Western Railway has sent up during the last three years 40,000, 60,000, and 100,000 gallons of milk; the Great Northern sent up 250,000 and 300,000 gallons in 1863 and 1864; the Great Eastern has sent up 600,000, 800,000, 900,000, and 1,000,000 gallons respectively in the last four years; the South-Eastern has sent up 120,000 to 180,000 gallons, and the Brighton line and South-Western about 50,000 and 400,000 gallons annually:—upwards of 2,000,000 gallons; and to these must be added the 20,000,000, with which, exaggerating perhaps a little, we shall credit our 20,000 cows. All things considered, it is impossible to make out more than 22,000,000 gallons of milk for the 3,000,000 of London population during last year. This is rather more than seven gallons a head per annum, or, more accurately, a sixth of pint of milk per day for each individual.

A native Indian medical man has recently described a new drug, which promises to be of some value in the treatment of bronchitic affections. The plant from which it is obtained is called by the Hindoos "Bakus," and is a common hedge-shrub in Bengal and the Upper Provinces. The writer prepares an extract of the leaves, and administers it with great advantage in all cases of catarrh. When taken internally it gives rise to a sensation of warmth in the stomach, and in some cases increases the appetite; promotes expectoration when this is scanty, and diminishes it when excessive. It is considered to be an expectorant and antispasmodic medicine, and to have a specific action on the surface of the wind-pipe.

At the late soirée at University College, Messrs. Powel and Lealand exhibited an ingenious modification of a recently-described American contrivance for the illumination of opaque objects when examined under high powers of the microscope. The instrument consists simply of a box, which screws on to the end of the body of the microscope, and is placed between the latter and the object-glass in its interior; and, filling half of its diameter, is placed a plate of transparent glass inclined at a certain angle. In the side of the box there is an aperture through which light travels from a lamp placed upon the table. The light enters the box, falls upon the plate of glass, is thrown by it down upon the object, is then reflected from the object up to the observer's eye, and thus the object-glass is made its own illuminator. This device may be employed even with such powers as the one-fiftieth inch.

The following account of the properties of pepsine, which is given in a French scientific journal, may be interesting now that this preparation of the pig's stomach is coming into such general use:—1. Pepsine is a substance which has the power of curdling milk, and of dissolving fleshy substances. 2. The quantity of pepsine necessary to curdle a given quantity of milk depends upon its purity; 25 milligrammes of pure pepsine being capable of coagulating 100 grammes of milk heated to 40° centigrade. 3. The preparations sold under the names of pure and neutral pepsine, are very often impostures. 4. Starch does not appear to have a preservative action upon pepsine. 5. Pepsine may be preserved in a pure condition by covering it with gelatine capsules, or mixing it with animal charcoal.

The correspondent of one of the San Francisco journals announces that he has seen specimens of cinnabar containing upwards of 90 per cent. of mercury taken from a mine in North Almaden, which was opened in July last. The new mine is

situated in the side of the valley opposite the famous mine of New Almaden.

We much regret to learn that typhus has made its appearance in the *Jardin d'Acclimatation* of the Bois de Boulogne, having been introduced by two gazelles purchased in London. Eighteen of the animals have died or been slaughtered. Precautions against the extension of the epidemic have been taken by M. Leblanc, veterinary surgeon to the gardens; and MM. Bouley and Reynal, Professors in the School of Alfort. The authorities consider it unwise to import animals of the ruminant order from England till the cattle plague has been stayed.

A very violent thunderstorm is reported to have occurred some time ago in the valley of the Rhone. In the streets of Annonay the floods swept away objects of all kinds, including a waggon containing 2,000 quintals of iron, masses of rock brought down by the flood and hurled along the roads, excavated the soil, and left many houses hanging over an abyss. In other places masses of stone were piled up, to the height of the first floor; and the towns were in darkness, owing to the destruction of the gas-pipes. In some localities the water rose to a height of 26 feet; and the damage to mills, factories, &c., was enormous.

The inquiries of M. Bechamp prove contrary to the belief of Mitscherlich, that yeast continues to change cane-sugar during the fermenting process until it ceases to live, and that when it is so much exhausted that it may be said to be reduced to its cellule, it nevertheless continues to form glucon and alcohol with cane-sugar. It is evident, therefore, that the property of determining alcoholic fermentation must not be attributed to the catalytic action of some of the elements of yeast; it is due to the act of nutrition which is going on in the ultimate cellules.

### MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about ½ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25·12½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about two-tenths per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is about 109 per cent. At this rate there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

The directors of the Bank of England have refrained from making any alteration in the rate of discount, which continues at 6 per cent.

The applications for discount continue upon a moderate scale, while the supply of money is large. The rate for good bills, however, is 6 per cent. In the Stock Exchange, loans from day to day on English Government securities are obtainable at 4 per cent.

Consols are now quoted 87½ to ½, ex div., for money, and 87½ to ½, ex div., for the account (January 9).

In Colonial Government Securities, Canada 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1877-84) changed hands at 96½; 5 per Cents., 82½; Cape of Good Hope 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1890-1), 105; Queensland 6 per Cents., 103½; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and Oct.), 105½.

In the market for bank shares there was a moderate amount of business, and prices had a slight upward tendency. English Joint-Stock Bank, Imperial, Metropolitan and Provincial, and Scinde and Panjab improved, while Bank of Egypt and Land Mortgage of India were flatter.

The biddings for Rs.35,00,000 on bills on India took place on Wednesday, at the Bank of England. The proportions allotted were—to Calcutta, Rs.28,58,000; to Madras, Rs.2,42,000; and to Bombay, Rs.10,00,000. The minimum price was, as before, 1s. 11½d. on Calcutta and Madras, and 1s. 11½d. on Bombay. Tenders on Calcutta and Madras at 1s. 11½d. will receive about 62 per cent., and on Bombay at 2s. 0½d. about 13 per cent. above these prices in full.

The following gold vessels are now on their way to this country:—The *Cornwallis*, already announced, from Sydney, with gold valued at £61,408; the *Great Britain*, from Melbourne, already announced, with £498,224; and the *Kent*, which sailed on September 30, with £275,936, making a total of £835,568.

The Stock Exchange Committee appointed Thursday next, a special settling day in the shares of the Chontales Gold and Silver Mining Company (Limited), to be marked.

It has been notified that the number of shares in the English and American Bank, for which application was made, exceeded 20,000; and as there were only 5,000 to be allotted, the list has been closed in terms of the prospectus.

The Provincial Bank of Ireland have announced the payment, on and after the 15th proximo, of a dividend for the half-year to Christmas at the rate of 4 per cent., besides an "extraordinary dividend" of 30s. on each £100 share, and of 12s. on each £10 share.

The traffics of the Metropolitan Railways show an increase of £902, the Midland an increase of £3,254, and the London and North-Western an increase of £7,250.

Notice has been given that the interest payable by the contractors on the shares and scrip of the East London Railway Company, for the half-year ending 28th December instant, will be paid on and after the 5th January.

The dividends on the Peruvian Loans of 4½ per cent. of 1862 and 5 per cent. of 1865 will be paid by Messrs. Thomson, Bonar, & Co., on the 1st proximo. The drawing for the redemption fund of the 1865 Loan, amounting to £256,200, payable at par, will take place on the 2nd proximo.

The adjourned meeting of the holders of the Confederate Seven per Cent. Cotton Loan will be held at the London Tavern, on Thursday, the 18th January, when resolutions will be proposed "in accordance with the report of the committee now in the hands of the bondholders."



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## PREHISTORIC TIMES.\*

OBJECTS connected with remote antiquity have always possessed a certain interest and charm for a large class of cultivated minds; but a new department of archaeology has recently sprung up possessing special attractions of its own, and as a consequence casting a spell over a wider circle of students. This subject, known as prehistoric archaeology, has for its objects the early history of man, his age as a race, his primæval condition, and the dawn and progress of civilization—problems of surpassing interest from their bearing on the questions of the degree of perfectibility of the human species, and its ultimate destiny on the globe.

We cannot more aptly describe the present publication to our readers than by saying that it forms the best *résumé* of the facts hitherto ascertained respecting this new branch of knowledge with which we are acquainted; whilst, from the industry with which the materials have been collected, the time devoted to personal researches to verify and extend the discoveries of others, and the pains so successfully taken to marshal and arrange the details into one orderly and connected whole, we think it probable it will long maintain its present position of the best text-book on the subject. Five out of the fourteen chapters of which it consists—viz., Danish Shell-mounds, Swiss Lake-dwellings, Flint Implements of the Drift, North American Archaeology, and Cave-men—have already been published in the *Natural History Review* (from 1861 to 1864), constituting at the time of their appearance the first consecutive narration of these discoveries that had been presented to the British public; and their almost immediate reproduction by the scientific press of France and America at once testified to their value.

Foremost amongst the characteristics of the age in which we live, and perhaps the surest and most satisfactory indication of our progress in real knowledge, is the accelerated pace at which we are learning our ignorance, and finding out that even in history, no less than in natural science, our fancied knowledge has been little better than the mythic traditions and romances which ushered in the dawn after a long night of darkness. We have just recognised the fact, or, if not, we must prepare to do so, that the knowledge of man furnished us by history is just as crude, disjointed, and infinitesimal, as the knowledge history supplies of the globe we inhabit; in other words, a complete blank, except a few disputed characters on the last page of the record. Ethnology, to become a science, must have the present affiliated to the past, and, like geology, be studied in the faults and superpositions of ancient strata, as well as through the medium of existing forms and contemporary changes. It has its cataclysms in conquests and migrations, its fossils in celts, spindle-whorls, and pottery, its sedimentary beds in layers of charcoal and charred bones, flint chippings, the moulds of workers in bronze, and the scoræ of workers in iron, in the Kjökkenmøddings of Denmark and the pile-work habitations of Switzerland and Italy.

For a long period, with persevering scepticism, the gradually increasing evidence that man dwelt in Europe side by side with the large extinct mammalia belonging to the great cold geological epoch which preceded the present climatic era, was refused attentive consideration, and comparatively ignored. Nothing less than the advocacy of Lyell before a public body like the British Association, and the countenance of the Prince Consort, was required to convince British savants that a belief once deemed so heretical could really have become respectable. No matter what the nature of the evidence, the correct thing had been to shake the head imposingly, and intimate a conviction that these remains of extinct animals *must* have been already fossil when, washed from some former bed by water, they were deposited in juxtaposition with the rude implements testifying to the wants and industry of primæval man.

"Fully satisfied," says Mr. (now Sir John) Lubbock, "that religion and science cannot in reality be at variance, I have striven in the present publication to follow out the rule laid down by the Bishop of London in his excellent lecture delivered last year at Edinburgh. The man of science, says Dr. Tait, ought to go on 'honestly, patiently, diffidently, observing and storing up his observations, and carrying his reasonings unflinchingly to their legitimate conclusions, convinced that it would be treason to the majesty at once of science and of religion if he sought to help either by swerving ever so little from the straight rule of truth.' Ethnology, in fact, is passing at present through a phase from which other sciences have safely emerged, and the new views with reference to the antiquity of man, though still looked upon with distrust and apprehension, will, I doubt not, in a few years be regarded with as little disquietude as are now those discoveries in astronomy and geology, which, at one time, excited even greater opposition."

Within a few years, four new and distinct chapters of human history, the existence of which was unknown and unsuspected, have been disinterred from a long-buried past, to take their place amongst the least-disputed facts of our early knowledge of man. The flint implements of the drift—cave men—the Kjökkenmøddings and the pile-work lake habitations—irresistibly proclaim and

establish an antiquity for man immeasurably transcending that of the current chronological systems.

There has long been in the British Museum a rude stone weapon described as follows:—"No. 246. A British weapon found with elephant's tooth, opposite to black Mary's, near Grayes-inn-lane. Conyers. It is a large black flint, shaped into the figure of a spear's point." A rude engraving of it illustrates a letter on the antiquities of London, printed in 1715, from which it appears to have been found with the skeleton of an elephant, in the presence of Mr. Conyers. In the museum of the Society of Antiquaries, there are a number of rude stone weapons found by Mr. Frere, in juxtaposition with the bones of extinct animals, in a gravel pit at Hoxne, in Suffolk, and well described and figured by this gentleman in the *Archæologia* for the year 1800. Sixty years afterwards—viz., in the *Archæologia* for 1860—appeared an account of the discoveries of M. Boucher de Perthes; and the fact of the existence of human implements in beds unmistakably belonging to the age of the drift may be said to have been for the first time admitted and recognised by the authorities. M. Boucher de Perthes first made the discovery in 1841; and, continuing to find the flint weapons, published in the year 1846 a work on the subject, entitled "*De l'Industrie Primitive, ou les Arts et leur Origine*," which he followed up in 1847 by his "*Antiquités Celtiques et Antédiluviennes*," in which he gave numerous illustrations of the weapons. The result, however, was merely an illustration of the old adage that a prophet is without honour in his own country: he was looked at as an enthusiast and visionary; and it was not till the visit of some English geologists in 1859, and their verdict in his favour, that he could obtain the ear of the public, or any attention to his facts even from the men of science of his own district. Although the circumstance of the finding of rude flint weapons with the bones of extinct animals had been recorded at intervals for upwards of 150 years, and notwithstanding the publication by M. Boucher de Perthes of two works on the subject, it is not ten years since a communication from the Torquay Natural History Society, confirming the statements made long before by Mr. Godwin Austin, the Rev. Mr. M'Every and Mr. Vivian, that worked flints occurred in Kent's Hole with remains of extinct species of animals, was rejected as too improbable for publication. Thus, whatever other accusation may be brought against them, geologists cannot be said to have hastily accepted the fact of the co-existence of the human race with the now extinct pachydermata of Northern Europe. These rude flint implements, when once recognised as occurring in certain geological formations, and sought for in the appropriate localities, have been most extensively discovered both in this country and France, and are probably to be met with over a large portion of the surface of the globe.

The discovery of implements in the drift, briefly stated, amounts to this—that thousands of rude flint weapons (3,000 in the valley of the Somme alone) as unmistakably fashioned by the hand of man as a Sheffield knife, are found associated with the bones of the extinct mammalia of the glacial epoch, under circumstances which show that the implement-users and the mammals were contemporaries, whilst the geological conditions indicate that the strata in which the animal remains and implements are found, must have been deposited at least 2,000 centuries ago. Numerous caves exist in Europe in which the remains of man are found embedded with those of extinct animals, under circumstances which establish the fact of their having lived at the same period. In some of the caves, the remains discovered appear to approximate in antiquity to those found in the drift; but, in the greater number, the flint implements are of a different pattern and better finished, indicating a later date. No polished implement, however, nor any fragment of metal nor pottery, has yet been found in any of these caverns which can be confidently assigned an antiquity earlier than the Reindeer period. On the other hand, bone implements are plentiful, and consist of square chisel-shaped instruments, round, sharply-pointed, awl-like tools, fish-hooks, harpoon-shaped lance-heads, arrow-heads with double barbs, cut with wonderful vigour, and needles of compact bone, finely pointed, polished, and drilled, with small eyes, so round and regular as to excite surprise how they could have been drilled with stone. The caves in the Dordogne are particularly rich in these remains, and appear to have been inhabited at an epoch when the reindeer was extremely plentiful in France. The bones of this species are all broken open for the marrow, and many of them have the marks of knives. At Les Eyzies, a vertebra was found which had been pierced by a flint flake, and M.M. Christy and Lartel satisfied themselves that this bone must have been fresh when thus transfixed. Thus we have evidence that a considerable change of climate must have taken place. The reindeer is the most abundant animal, and evidently formed the principal article of food; but we know that this animal is now confined to Arctic climates, and could not exist in the south of France. In some of the caves, drawings of animals have been found, but a still more remarkable specimen of art is a poignard cut out of a reindeer's horn, in which the ingenious adaptation of the position of the animal to the exigencies of the case would not disgrace Froment Meurice, and suggests the idea that the blood of these cave-dwellers may still circulate in the veins of the artists of France. The apparent absence of all domestic animals, including even the dog, certainly implies a very low state of civilization, and a very high antiquity.

"Though," says Sir John Lubbock, "we cannot yet determine what variety or varieties of men then existed, we find in the bone-

\* Prehistoric Times, as illustrated by Ancient Remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages. By John Lubbock, F.R.S., Vice-President of the Linnean Society, Fellow of the Geological, Zoological, and other Societies, and President of the Ethnological Society. London: Williams & Norgate.



caves sufficient evidence that man was coeval in Europe with the great group of quaternary mammalia. We see, indeed, that the presence in bone-caves of ancient implements and human remains, associated with those of extinct mammalia, is no rare or exceptional phenomenon. Nor, if we look at the question from a scientific point of view, is there anything in this that ought to excite our astonishment. Since the period at which these caves were filled up, the changes which have taken place have resulted rather in the extinction than in the creation of species. The stag, horse, boar, dog; in short, all our existing forms of mammalia, were already in existence, and there would have been, in reality, more just cause for surprise if man alone had been unrepresented."

The Danish Kjökkenmöddings, literally kitchen-middens, are heaps of refuse, testifying to the former existence of a rude population dwelling on the sea-shore, and subsisting principally on shell-fish, but partly also on the products of the chase. Though more recent than even the later cave or reindeer epoch, they are, nevertheless, evidently of immense antiquity, since the country, during their formation, appears to have been covered by pine-forests; whilst at present, and from time immemorial, the country has been covered with beech-forests, and between the beech and the pine an age of oak trees is known to have intervened, forming a stratum, wherein bronze implements are found, of which the Kjökkenmöddings supply no trace.

"Much as still remains to be made out," says Sir John Lubbock, "the facts already ascertained, like a few strokes by a clever draughtsman, supply us with the elements of an outline sketch. Carrying our imagination back into the past, we see before us on the low shores of the Danish Archipelago a race of small men with heavy overhanging brows, round heads, and faces probably much like those of the present Laplanders. The total absence of metal proves that they had not yet any weapons except those made of wood, stone, horn, and bone. Their principal food must have consisted of shell-fish, but they were able to catch fish, and often varied their diet by game caught in hunting. It is evident that marrow was considered a great delicacy, for every single bone which contained any was split open in the manner best adapted to extract the precious morsel."

In 1854, in consequence of the dryness of the preceding winter, the water in the Swiss lakes was lower by a foot than had ever before been known. This circumstance led to the remarkable discovery that these lakes were once inhabited by a race who dwelt in pile-work habitations reared amidst the comparatively shallow water of the margins, as the Dyaks and many other natives of the Eastern Archipelago do at the present day. In Lake Bienné, 20 of these villages have been discovered; in Lake Geneva, 24; in Lake Constance, 32; in Lake Neuchâtel, as many as 46; making on the whole more than 200, and many others doubtless remain to be discovered. Some few belong to the iron age and even to Roman times; but the greater number appear to be divided in almost equal proportions between the age of stone and that of bronze; and each of those periods, but more especially the stone period, probably extended over a long series of years. We must refer our readers for the details of these discoveries to the work itself. One thing is especially deserving of note, viz., that it is only in cases where the villages have been burnt that many objects of antiquity are found. Colonel Schwab, who has had great experience, says:—"Wo immer verbranntes Holz zum Vorschein kommt, hat man beim Suchen nach Alterthümern auf Ausbente zu rechnen. Zeigen sich keine Brandspuren, so ist alle Bemühung von wenig oder keinem Erfolge begleitet."

Thus, quite recently, before our own eyes, and almost as suddenly as the drawing up of the curtain at a theatre, four unknown and unsuspected eras or phases of man's early life on the globe have been unrolled to our view, which, though possibly overlapping each other at the extremities, represent, on the whole, a descending series in point of time of great but unknown duration, though we know enough to say with confidence that the two earlier periods must be measured by myriads of years.

The present volume is amply illustrated, containing 156 woodcuts besides lithographs, and evidently no pains have been spared to render the work as perfect and complete as possible. The author appears to have no prejudices or prepossessions of his own to be consulted, no pet crotchets or paradoxes to parade before the reader. Conflicting evidence is summed up with more than judicial impartiality, and the verdict pronounced almost invariably commands our assent from its consonance with common sense.

#### THE DOCTRINES OF ACCEPTANCE AND ATONEMENT.\*

We have placed these two theological works together, as bearing more or less directly on one subject, though it is approached by the Dublin preacher and the Oxford "pervert" from a different point of view and with a different aim. Next to the fundamental question of the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, it is clear to every observer that the problems most anxiously agitating the minds of religious thinkers are those connected with the great subject of the Atonement; and every treatise that tends to clear

the question of some of its intricacies, and place it upon its proper ground, deserves to be welcomed by all who desire the doctrines of the Christian Church to be something else than mere propositions resting on unchallenged, uninquiring faith. Dr. Ryder's work consists of six lectures preached before the University of Dublin, according to a bequest not, it appears, dissimilar from that of the Rev. John Bampton, at Oxford. Indeed, the volume, in its general treatment and style, cannot fail to remind its readers of Mr. Mansel's famous "Bampton Lectures" of 1858. Most of Dr. Ryder's pages, like those of the Oxford lecturer, breathe the spirit and display the style of the professor rather than the preacher. There is in both volumes the same hair-splitting about the "finite" and the "infinite," the "absolute" and the "relative;" Hegel, Strauss, and Spinoza figure in them oftener than Moses, Isaiah, and St. Paul; but, if Dr. Ryder's lectures do not come up to Mr. Mansel's, either in ability or eloquence, we cannot suppress our conviction that the leading conclusions of the Dublin theologian are calculated to do a far greater service to the cause they support than the unsettling, unsatisfying tendencies of Mr. Mansel's "Apology for the Bible" based on the Hamiltonian metaphysics.

The great fault, it appears to us, of Dr. Ryder's unquestionably clever Lectures is their ambitious tone. Possessed of great activity of thought, and considerable acquaintance with the writings of philosophers, he has been tempted to undertake more than in the space of six lectures it was possible for him to accomplish. Hence many more questions are started than could be fully settled; great abruptness and frequent digression arise from our author's anxiety to make good this position, or combat that objection, without at the same time exceeding the limits of a "Lecture"; and even then considerably more than a third part of the entire volume is made up of "Notes" and "Appendices," full of proofs, illustrations, and arguments, for which no room could in any way be found in the text. We do not blame Dr. Ryder solely for this: Mrs. Anne Donellan and the Rev. John Bampton have, with excellent intentions, spoilt, we believe, many good books by clothing them in a dress that did not fit. A pulpit is one thing, a professor's chair another; and the wisdom that speaks from the latter cannot but suffer from being compelled to assume the style and obey the limits of the former.

Dr. Ryder's book is in the main written against the Predestinarian or Calvinist view of the Acceptance of Man with God; but, before he arrives at the specific subject of his lectures, he exhibits with considerable cleverness, though perhaps with a little exaggeration, the philosophical affinities of the Neologian school, on the one hand connected with Pantheism by its doctrine of the supremacy of human reason and denial of a personal God, and those of the Predestinarian on the other, agreeing with the Necessitarians in the repudiation of man's free will, and with Pyrrhonists in virtually fixing an impassable gulf between man's moral nature and that of the God of Revelation. Both these schools appear to our author to concur in denying from different points of view the reality of the finite morality of man; and his main object is to establish against Spinoza and Jonathan Edwards, against Professor Jowett and Mr. Mansel, alike the positive and real value of human morality as akin to the Divine, and its recognition by the Almighty in connection with the great scheme of Redemption. Perhaps we can best give the general drift of Dr. Ryder's argument in his own words:—

"I hope in the sequel to supply satisfactory proof that, if we reject the Predestinarian hermeneutics, we are not therefore bound to accept the Neologian; to bring before you certain Scriptural facts which establish the existence in the domain of Grace of laws equally impartial, equally intelligible, with those that dominate the world of Nature, to deduce therefrom the irresistible inference that acceptance with God in Eternity shall proximately depend not on the arbitrary imputation of an absolute perfection, but upon the actual conduct of each moral agent, estimated by the precise amount of moral freedom he individually enjoyed, and by the conditions, whether favourable or adverse, under which it was exercised in Time." (Lect. III. p. 103.)

It has often struck us, and we are indebted to Dr. Ryder for clearly bringing out the point, that two aspects of the Gospel scheme of Redemption are commonly confused by theologians: the first concerning the ultimate potential cause of man's acceptance here and hereafter, viz., the mysterious transcendental change wrought by the sacrifice of Christ; the other concerning the principle upon which that sacrifice shall be applied to determine each man's final condition in eternity, whether to all indiscriminately (according to the Universalists), or to a few arbitrarily (as the Calvinists urge), or (as most rational Christians believe with our author) *potentially* to all, *actually* according to the independent action in time of each man under prescribed conditions. About the first of these problems we do not for our part believe that the Scriptures are fully to enlighten man: about the second—the real, vital, practical question—there is, no doubt, much diversity of statement, especially in the Epistles of St. Paul; and it is upon this side of the great truth of the Atonement that we desire to see all thought and discussion directed. Universalism is rapidly gaining ground both in Protestant England and America, and, unless these attractive doctrines are to have it all their own way, the middle ground, as between Calvinism and Universalism, occupied by Dr. Ryder, and, we believe, by the wiser section of Teutonic Christendom, must be fortified by all the resources of argument and interpretation. We cannot wish its supporters anything better than success in discussing the question with the clearness and frankness, the calm temper and good sense, of our author.

\* The Scriptural Doctrine of Acceptance with God, Considered in Reference to the Neologian Hermeneutics. In Six Lectures. Preached before the University of Dublin by Arthur Gore Ryder, D.D., Ex-Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co.

The Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement. An Historical Inquiry into its Development in the Church. By H. N. Oxenham, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.



Of Mr. Oxenham's treatise we desire to speak in equally high terms of praise. We are not aware of any book in which so much information on so important a subject is condensed with equal precision and method. Nor is it the least element in the credit due to Mr. Oxenham that he has nowhere suffered the peculiar doctrines of the Church of his adoption to bias his statements or embitter his tone and language towards other branches of the Catholic Church. While Dr. Ryder's aim was a controversial one, Mr. Oxenham's is purely historical. We do not say that the convictions of the latter are not very easily to be traced throughout his excellent monograph; but we cannot discover a single point in which his Roman sympathies and Papal point of view have misrepresented any opinion held by fathers, schoolmen, reformers, or modern theologians. Mr. Oxenham writes like a scholar and a man of taste, and his readers will find more than one passage of no inconsiderable eloquence—a luxury which in Dr. Ryder's pages we hardly expected to find, and were not surprised to miss. "What, then, have been the several forms which the doctrine of the Atonement has assumed in the various ages and among the leading thinkers of the Catholic Church?" is the question which Mr. Oxenham answers in the volume before us—a volume consisting of little more than two hundred pages. Those who have paid little attention to the subject will be surprised to find the aspects of the doctrine shifting at almost every great period of ecclesiastical speculation; while those who are over-inclined to dogmatize may learn to pronounce with greater caution on a point regarding which the best and wisest of men have spoken in terms so incompatible with one another, so different from more modern views of the same subject. The gist of Mr. Oxenham's treatise lies in the quotation from St. Bernard, which he takes as the motto of his book:—"Non mors, sed voluntas placuit sponte morientis." Before Origen, it is clearly established that any notion of vicarious satisfaction by way of imputation, any idea of punishment inflicted upon the Son by an angry Father, any mention even of God's justice as distinct from His love, is not to be found in the Church's teaching respecting the work of redemption. The key-note of the early creed, unlike the modern idea, was the Incarnation rather than the Redemption, the earthly life rather than the atoning death, which latter the early Fathers preferred to regard only as "the natural consummation of that one great act of self-devotion whose unbroken energy stretched from the Conception to the Cross." Origen, it appears, added the idea of the ransom paid in the Redemption for our deliverance from the power of Satan, the difficulties involved in which theory (exposed and overthrown by Anselm in his famous "Cur Deus Homo") Mr. Oxenham sets forth with much clearness and force. The School-men, as might be supposed, contemplated the doctrine more from a philosophical than a strictly theological point of view, dwelling on the worth of the sacrifice as a *representative act*, the merits of which, by virtue of the hypostatic union, constituted not only a sufficient, but a superabundant, satisfaction. The period, however, at which the great change took place in the views entertained by a large part of Christendom respecting the work of redemption, was the time of the Reformation. The most interesting part, it seems to us, of our author's treatise is that in which he traces the accretion, through Luther and Calvin, of such ideas as the *imputation* of our sins to Christ and of His righteousness to us, the theory of Christ's obedience being the *substitute* for ours, and, finally, the terrible conception of the Atonement, propounded by the hard, juristic mind of Grotius, as a great exhibition of God's retributive justice inflicting in wrath on a sinless victim the punishment due to the sin of man. Our space will not permit us to follow Mr. Oxenham into his interesting sketch of more modern theories on this great mystery. We have only gone into detail so far with the view of inviting our readers to read the treatise which, in so short a compass, gives so systematic and so careful a record of the several phases which this particular doctrine, more than any other we could mention, has undergone. Mr. Oxenham has done good service in clearing away some of the mists that have hitherto enveloped the popular view of the Redemption; he has taught us, moreover, not to look for perfect unity on a dark truth, which, among the wise and good of past ages, has been accepted with such varying interpretations.

## MISS BERRY'S JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE.\*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

AFTER the death of Lord Orford, Miss Berry devoted herself to preparing for the press an edition of the works of her old friend, and in this labour of love she was engaged unremittingly for nearly a twelvemonth. No sooner had she accomplished this task than she appears to have applied herself with diligent care to adding to her own stores of knowledge. Her studies must have been of a somewhat masculine character, if we may judge from the testimony of her letters, in which she speaks of translating passages from Isocrates, and reading Malthus's "Essay on the Principles of Population" in her chaise. But the tone of Mary Berry's mind was just such as to lead her to seek for the strong meat which is usually considered more appropriate nourishment for the intellects of men: the mere elegances and dainties of life were not enough to satisfy her craving for more solid and substantial fare. Mixing, as she constantly did, with the most distinguished scholars and

savants of the day, she was not content to be a listener only. Possibly, our readers will be inclined to think that a woman who could discuss "philosophical politics and national economy," or adventure comparisons between the poetry of Lucretius and that of Virgil, must have been something of a "blue stocking"—and (the old song notwithstanding) ladies who "know both Latin and Greek" are not held in general estimation to be the "most charming women." But the knowledge of a "blue" is generally superficial, and that Mary Berry's learning was something more than mere surface-glitter may fairly be inferred when we find so eminent an antiquarian as Sir William Gell writing seriously to her upon such subjects as a "Temple of Diana Propylæa" and "Boustrophedon Inscriptions," or so ripe a scholar as Sir Henry Englefield discussing with her the discovery of a new play of Sophocles, which had been pronounced genuine by the distinguished Grecian, Dr. Burney. Not that she confined her attention to these severer pursuits, for her letters are full of references to, and criticisms upon, the latest novel or poem, and she herself aspired to fame in the same line, having written a comedy, which was performed at Drury Lane, but which even the talent of Charles Kemble could not rescue from condemnation.

In 1802, Miss Berry accompanied her accomplished friend, Mrs. Damer, on a visit to Paris, and during her stay in that capital had many opportunities of indulging her passion for making the acquaintance of those who had won their spurs in the battle of life. Of Parisian manners at that period she gives us some lively sketches, and upon the whole we think that this will generally be considered the most entertaining portion of her journal. Paris, at the commencement of the century, seems to have been given over to extravagance and general bad taste. At the balls and the operas, the women were at once magnificent and vulgar, and we might fancy ourselves transported across the Atlantic, instead of amongst our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, when we read of a French gentleman at a theatre "chewing tobacco, and at every instant spitting into the empty place beside him." But these journals are even richer in reminiscences of men than of manners, and, though the portraits which are given are slight and sketchy, something more than passing interest attaches to the accounts of the distinguished characters who figured as the prime actors under the Consulate and the Empire. Berthier is presented to us as "a little, rather ill-looking man, with a crop curled head of dark hair;" Cambacérès, the Second Consul, as "an uncommonly ill-looking, shortish, thick man, with his eyes sunk in his head;" Macdonald, as having "a very intelligent though not a noble countenance;" whilst figuring amongst them are such women as Mesdames Joubert, De Marmont, Visconti, and De Stael, "most of them," as Miss Berry (womanlike) takes care to inform us, "loaded with finery, but abominably ill-dressed." Of the First Consul himself, the central planet round whom these minor luminaries revolved, we must find space for a somewhat longer description. The express object of Mrs. Damer's visit was to present to Bonaparte the bust of Mr. Fox, but of this he would seem to have been unaware, and Miss Berry grumbles not a little at his commonplaces upon the occasion of their first introduction to him. His "royal inquiry" of a Russian lady, *si elle montait à cheval*, "put her laughably in mind" (she tells us) "of the 'Do you get out?' of St. James's." Of his personal appearance she speaks thus:—

"Bonaparte himself was in his undress consular uniform, but with silk stockings and small buckles. His hair is very dark, and cropped much shorter than it appears on any of his busts, and it does not lay well or smoothly upon his head. He by no means struck me as so little as I had heard him represented, and as, indeed, he appeared on horseback. His shoulders are broad, which gives his figure importance. His complexion, though pale and yellow, has not the appearance of ill health. His teeth are good, and his mouth, when speaking as I saw him, in good humour, has a remarkable and uncommon expression of sweetness. Indeed, his whole countenance, as I saw him in this circle, was more that of complacency and quiet intelligence than of any decided penetration and strong expression whatever. The Man of the Parade and the Man of the Circle has left a totally different impression on my mind, and I can hardly make the two countenances (one of which I saw so imperfectly) belong to the same person. His eyes are light grey, and he looks full in the face of the person to whom he speaks—to me always a good sign. Yet, after all I have said of the sweetness of his countenance, I can readily believe what is said, that it is terrible and fire-darting when angry, or greatly moved by any cause."

Nor is Miss Berry's journal less full of the names of the most distinguished of her own countrymen: poets and painters, actors and singers, statesmen and men of letters, crowd her canvas. Indeed, there is scarcely a page in which some person or scene of interest does not pass before our view. At one place we have an account of the funeral of Nelson; at another, reflections on the death of Pitt. In one page, Catalini sings to us; in the next, Bannister or Liston play their parts. How, amidst the constant round of breakfasts, dinners, routs, balls, visits to the opera, &c., in which we find her mixing with all the zest and interest of the most frivolous woman of fashion, Mary Berry found time for her literary efforts, is a perfect marvel. Yet from 1808 to 1810 she was busily engaged in editing the letters of Walpole's old friend, Madame du Deffand. In the latter year they were published, and the editor's share in the work received the warm praises of such competent critics as Professor Playfair and Mr. Roscoe. Many years later, she gave to the world a far more ambitious publication—her "Comparative View of Social Life in England and France," which her friend, Joanna Baillie, pronounced to be "clear and

\* Extracts from the Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry. From 1783 to 1852. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. London: Longmans.



scholarlike" in style, and to be "written in a good spirit of liberality and rectitude;" and Professor Smythe, whilst treating her book to a little friendly criticism, as being adapted in some passages for a French rather than an English public, assured the author that it "had given him a great deal of information that was very entertaining."

In 1809, Miss Berry was presented to the Princess of Wales. Her impressions of what she calls "an over-dressed, bare-bosomed, painted eye-browed figure" were not favourable; and on another occasion we have the following description of the same exalted personage:—

"Her conversation is certainly uncommonly lively, odd, and clever. What a pity that she has not a grain of common sense! not an ounce of ballast to prevent high spirits and a coarse mind, without any degree of moral taste, from running away with her, and allowing her to act indecorously and ridiculously whenever an occasion offers!"

Yet the Princess appears to have been attracted by the charm of the social qualities of the woman who thus severely criticises her, and a considerable degree of intimacy grew up between them, an intimacy which was much strengthened by their mutual attachment to Lady Charlotte Lindsay. Of the Princess Charlotte, whose untimely death a whole nation mourned as bitterly as Rome once wept for the young Marcellus, Miss Berry gives us this portrait:—

"A finer girl of fifteen one seldom sees, with an open, lively countenance, and well-cut, expressive features; fair, like all her family, but without having a fine complexion, or at present any colour, for by some inconceivable mismanagement at the time she had the small-pox, it has muddled her complexion, destroyed, in part, her eyebrows, and left several decided marks about the end of her nose."

Though she was lively and animated, "with all her senses awake, eager and curious about everything and everybody," the restraints to which she was subjected were not, in Miss Berry's opinion, calculated to train her for the position to which she was born:—

"Alas! poor Princess, one and all, can you ever be pitied enough, or even judged with common justice, under all the disadvantages you labour? True, this poor thing is taught music and taught Latin, neither of which will certainly be of much service to her in governing this country, in detecting folly and knavery, in surrounding herself with talents, and, above all, in acquiring truth and stability of character. She knows no creature but the Royal family and their attendants; she has never yet seen a play or an opera; and whenever she is her own mistress what must be her first idea but to satiate herself with pleasures, which every other girl of fifteen is beginning to appreciate at their just value, provided they are not entirely new to them."

Of Madame de Staël, by far the most accomplished woman of her age, we find frequent mention made in these volumes. She herself is reputed to have spoken of Miss Berry as "the cleverest woman in England," and it is evident from more than one letter written from abroad, in which she complains of the silence of her friend, how anxious she was that distance should not lessen the intimacy between them. In 1817, Miss Berry, hearing of the hopeless state of Madame de Staël's health, writes that she "shall think the world less interesting without her;" and in another passage she speaks of her thus:—

"Amidst all the numerous host of her admirers, lovers, and friends, I believe few will more sincerely regret her than myself. . . . They say she is leaving this world with much regret. I should like to tell her how willing I should be to die for her."

Our space will not allow us to do more than indicate a very few of the more salient features of interest in these memoirs, though it would be no difficult task to select from their pages a very amusing stock of anecdotes. The following account of a conversation with the Duke of Wellington may serve as a pendant to the sketch of his great rival:—

"The simplicity and frankness of his manners, and the way in which he speaks of public affairs, are really those of a great man; although, talking of the allied sovereigns, their views, &c., he says we found so-and-so—we intend such-and-such things—quite as treating *de couronne à couronne*. I diverted him much with B. Constant's idea of his never returning to *l'état de simple citoyen*. The Duke told me at dinner that Bonaparte would never do justice to Marmont, or pardon his defeat, till he saw his (Duke of Wellington's) account of the action in which he had beat Marmont; and Marmont has since acknowledged his obligation to the Duke, which is much in a person naturally so insolent (to the English in particular). The Duke added, that Bonaparte had always waited for, and depended on, his accounts of the actions in which he was engaged with the French, to judge of his general's conduct, and seemed proud, as well he might, of such a decisive proof of confidence in his truth and honour, hardly less glorious than the great events which called for their exercise."

And a story of his royal mistress, told by Sir William Gell, the Chamberlain of Queen Caroline, if not very dignified, is sufficiently entertaining:—

"If fate ever puts you in the way, make her tell you how the Empress Marie Louisa invited her to Parma; how the attendants dined in the outer room; and how, in full-dress feathers, and velvet chairs with heavy gold legs and backs, the two ladies sat at a very long *tête-à-tête* before dinner at a fire. 'You imagine it not very entertaining; I assure you, very dull (dull); I yarn (yawn), and she de same; *mein Gott*, I balance on my chaire mit my feet pon die fire.

What you tink? I tomble all back mit di chair, and mit meine legs in die air; man see nothing more als my feet. I die from laugh, and what you tink she do? She stir not, she laugh not; but mit the utmost gravity she say, 'Mon Dieu, madame, comme vous m'avez effrayé.' I go in fits of laugh, and she repeat di same word witout variation or change of feature. I not able to resist bursting out every moment at dinner, and die to get away to my gens to tel die story. We all scream mit di ridiculousness for my situation.'"

To those of our readers who may be attracted towards these memoirs, we would especially recommend the letters of Canova (whose loss Miss Berry mourned, as that of "a grateful, attached, unalterable friend, an incomparable artist, the honour of his age and his country"), of Lady Dufferin, of the Countess of Morley, of Professor Playfair, of Lord Jeffrey, and of Sydney Smith. One short and characteristic note from the last on this list of distinguished correspondents shall close our extracts:—

"Dear Berrys,—I dine on Saturday with the good widow Holland, and blush to say that I have no disposable day before the 26th, by which time you will, I presume, be plucking gooseberries in the suburban region of Richmond; but think not, O Berries, that that distance, or any other of latitude or longitude, shall prevent me from following you, plucking you, and eating you; for whatever pleasure men find in the rasp-berry, in the straw-berry, in the coffee-berry, all these pleasures are, to my taste, concentrated in the Mayfair Berries.

"Ever theirs, SYDNEY SMITH."

Surrounded by friends like these, the long life of Miss Berry drew on to its tranquil close. If its morning had been calm and peaceful, if its noon had been gay and bright, there were no dark clouds to dim the pure serenity of its evening. It is true, indeed, that she did not escape that saddest penalty of extreme old age, the gradual loss of those whose sympathy and companionship have given the chief charm to the journey of life. But her sister Agnes, who had for so many years shared in all her joys and sorrows, was spared to her almost to the last. She died in the beginning of 1852, and a few months later Mary Berry peacefully passed away. Surely it was a fit ending! They had been "lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

Miss Berry was no ordinary woman. She had not the genius of her friend Madame de Staël, nor perhaps the wit and vivacity of Fanny Burney. Indeed, her editor tells us that what was wanting in her mind "were the lighter graces and gifts which spring from a lively imagination." But her understanding was clear and vigorous, and her mental mechanism thoroughly well-balanced and well-regulated. In spite of occasional fits of melancholy, she had a keen enjoyment of the material pleasures of life. Above all, her loveable disposition attracted all who were brought within reach of its influence. Few women ever made so many friends, none had ever so few enemies.

It is with a certain feeling of melancholy interest that we at length lay down these volumes. Their accomplished editor could ill be spared by the world of letters; of the social qualities which endeared her to a large circle of friends it is not our part to speak. Of her share in the work before us we have spoken before, and we regret that we are not able to look on it with entire satisfaction. Such a note as the following on Edmund Kean—"The latter years of his life were neither reputable nor prosperous," is a stab at the reputation of a man who, whatever his failings, was a great actor. It was quite superfluous to inform the world that Sydney Smith's "eminence as a writer upon various subjects was great." But the fame of the authoress of "The Lives from the Clarendon Gallery," and "The Semi-Detached House," is too well assured to be either made or marred by the publication of these memoirs. In spite of all short-comings, which were perhaps inevitable, the task has been performed in so affectionate a manner as greatly to disarm criticism; and we are sure that many of our readers will think they owe a debt of gratitude to Lady Theresa Lewis for having introduced them to so charming an old maid as Mary Berry.

#### CHRISTMAS STORIES.\*

WE have all of us, as Christmas comes round, a return of the old childish appetite for "a good story." To gather about the fire, to put our feet upon the fender, to open some volume of pleasant narratives, and to forget the world for a little while in a crowd of imaginary joys and sorrows—this is what most of us

\* Rates and Taxes, and How they were Collected. Edited by Thomas Hood. London: Groombridge & Sons.

The Lighthouse: being the Story of a Great Fight between Man and the Sea. By R. M. Ballantyne. With Illustrations. London: James Nisbet & Co.

What the Moon Saw, and other Tales. By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D. With Eighty Illustrations by A. W. Bayes, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. London: Routledge & Sons.

The Sedan Chair, and Sir Wilfred's Seven Flights. By Madame de Chatelain. With Illustrations. London: Same Publishers.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. With Forty-two Illustrations by John Tenniel. London: Macmillan & Co.

Balderscourt; or, Holiday Tales. By the Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A. London: Routledge & Sons.

The Boy Pilgrims. By Anne Bowman. With Illustrations. London: Routledge & Sons.

Fairy Know-a-bit. By A. L. O. E. London: Nelson & Sons.

Featherland; or, How the Birds Lived at Greenlawn. By George Manville Fenn. With Illustrations by F. W. Keyl. London: Griffith & Farran.

Fairy Land; or, Recreation for the Rising Generation. By the late Thomas and Jane Hood, their Son and Daughter, &c. With Illustrations by T. Hood, jun. Second Edition. London: Same Publishers.



desire at the festive season. Story-telling is as much an institution of Christmas as plum-puddings and pantomimes. For months before the close of the year, dozens of busy pens are at work setting down the fancies of dozens of busy brains; and with December there comes a rush of story-books. A heap of these ephemeral fictions lies before us, and we proceed to give some account of each individual in the lot.

Encouraged by the success of their "Bunch of Keys," published this time last year, Messrs. Thomas Hood, T. W. Robertson, W. J. Prowse, W. S. Gilbert, C. W. Scott, and Thomas Archer have clubbed together to produce, under the editorship of the first-named gentleman, another similar collection of tales, to which they have given the title of "Rates and Taxes." The various narratives are held together by a little story, the separate portions of which commence and finish the volume, after the fashion of Mr. Dickens's Christmas numbers. In the present instance we are introduced to the state of things at one time existing in "the united parishes of St. Barabbas and Ananias the Less"—which parishes, though united in name, were very *disunited* in spirit, being, in fact, at constant feud. How the new curate, by his mild and benignant spirit, effected a thorough reconciliation and a genuine union, and how the rate-and-tax-collectors had weekly meetings at the "Greyhound," and told stories based on their personal experiences, we must leave the reader to find out for himself. We shall only inform him that the stories so told are five in number, by five different authors, and that they are all sufficiently entertaining to draw us on from page to page very agreeably. To make comparisons between the different writers would be invidious, and somewhat difficult, as a strong family likeness is to be traced throughout. All the tales are written in what we may describe as a rather "rapid" style; all have a little humour, a little sentiment, a little loving-kindness, and the other usual ingredients of Christmas literature; and all are of proper length for indolent holiday reading. The associated writers have reason to be satisfied with their performance.

Mr. Ballantyne's story of "The Lighthouse" is a union of fiction and useful knowledge. At the commencement, we are introduced to the Bell rock, on the coast of Forfarshire, at a time, early in the present century, when it boasted no lighthouse, and when wreckers used to put off from shore after great storms, to collect any merchandise or waifs and strays that might have been left there by the ships which so often went to ruin on its razor-like edges. In the progress of the tale, we have a dramatic description of the erection of the famous Bell Rock Lighthouse by Robert Stevenson; and woven with this grand undertaking is a story of love and adventure, in which the doings of the press-gang during the war with revolutionary France, and the fortunes at sea of the young hero of the fiction, form principal features. The style is a little conventional; but the narrative is lively, the characters talk easily and naturally, and the picture of the dangers and difficulties attending the erection of the pharos is striking and vivid.

The admirers of Hans Christian Andersen will rejoice in the ample collection of stories from his pen translated by Dr. Dulcken under the title of "What the Moon Saw, and other Tales." As Andersen has probably a larger public in England and America than he possesses in his own country, this version of the original productions will doubtless command a large sale. For ourselves, we cannot pretend to be among the worthy Dane's enthusiastic followers. We do not deny his ability. He has a good deal of invention, and something of the Northern quaintness of fancy runs through many of his conceptions. But his simplicity seems to us not unfrequently to border on the puerile; his imagination wants richness, and he has a way of mixing up the real and the ideal which is simply confusing and unpleasant, and indicates, we conceive, a defect in art. His very enchantments have a depressing drab hue in them; a certain Quakerish misgiving seems to beset him in the midst of fairy. However, he has hit the tastes of a very large number of people, and that is a fact not to be despised. In the tales in the present volume called "What the Moon Saw," we have an instance of the faults we have been noticing in Andersen's genius. A young painter, having left the country for the city to seek his fortune, feels disconsolate and lonely, but is comforted every night at his garret window by the brief visits of the moon. The moon is so obliging as to talk to him, and to tell him what he has seen on his travels (for the Danish moon is masculine); and hence the tales, anecdotes, discourses, or whatever they may be called, which follow. Such a notion can only be saved from silliness by a strong and glowing imagination, such as we do not here see. Much of what the moon has to say is simply humdrum; there are no wings of poetry to lift us above the bare foolishness of the idea. The ancient Greeks could make a divine dream out of Endymion and Diana; but Andersen is not an ancient Greek, and his talking moon, telling a young artist pretty stories about good little girls, and worthy old maids, and babies, and editors, is to our minds very much of a bore. The longer stories, however, are better, though wanting in fulness and force of colour. Much the same may be said of Mr. Bayes's illustrations. They are thoroughly German—fanciful, but with something ascetic in the fancy, and executed in the favourite modern manner which delights in making all surfaces look the same, and that like no real surface under heaven.

Madame de Chatelain's "Sedan Chair, and Sir Wilfred's Seven Flights," is a collection of fairy tales and supernatural narratives, clustered about one parent fiction, with which all are closely connected. The sedan chair in question is a magic structure, endowed with powers similar to those of the wonderful carpet

in the Arabian tale, or the wishing caps in northern legends; that is to say, the owner has only to seat himself in it, and to desire to be in a certain place, and he is there in a moment. When he wishes to return, the sedan having disappeared immediately on "setting down," he is to exclaim, "Sedan, appear!"—and there it stands, ready to do its master's bidding. It has been constructed by a Moorish astrologer, and is the property of the successive heads of the old English family of the Nevilles, by whom it is preserved in a strange dusky mansion at Westminster. The first possessor is Sir Wilfred Neville, a harum-scarum fellow of Queen Elizabeth's reign, who uses it for visiting various parts of the world, where he meets with a variety of strange adventures. Seven of these adventures form the subjects of the "seven flights" here related; and an amusing set of tales they are. Madame de Chatelain is not a very powerful or a very eloquent writer; but her stories are agreeable, and for light reading they will serve to while away a wintry hour.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is a delightful book for children—or, for the matter of that, for grown-up people, provided they have wisdom and sympathy enough to enjoy a piece of downright hearty drollery and fanciful humour. Alice is a little girl who falls down a rabbit-hole into some strange subterranean region, where she meets all kinds of odd people and things, and goes through a world of marvellous adventures. The style in which these things are related is admirable for its appearance of wondering belief, as if the mind of the child were somehow transfused into the narrative; and the book, small as it is, is crammed full of curious invention. Exquisite also are the illustrations (forty-two in number) by Mr. Tenniel—a most charming contrast, in their grace, delicacy, finish, and airy fancy, to the ugly phantasmagoria in which so many of the artists of the present day indulge.

"Balderscourt" follows the fashion common with Christmas books, and is a concretion of small stories embedded in one large mass. A Christmas party is assembled at an old Elizabethan mansion on the Welsh borders, and, as the younger ones want something to excite them in the long evenings, the elders relate or read divers tales. Some of these have relation to matters of fact; others are purely imaginary, a few fairy tales being among the number. The book is well written and full of amusing matter; while some very fair illustrations add to the attractiveness of the whole.

Miss Bowman's "Boy Pilgrims" is a book of which the main object is the conveying of information on geography and history, though it takes the form of a story. Two boys set out, under the guardianship of a friend, to visit the chief countries and cities of the East, and thus we are introduced to accounts of Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and other Bible lands. Plenty of adventure seasons the less exciting parts of the narrative, and for boys who like this mode of getting at facts the book is excellently adapted.

"Fairy Know-a-bit," by "A. L. O. E.," is one of those compounds of scientific fact with fairy fiction with which we have on other occasions expressed our disagreement. It is thought that children like this sort of compound; we greatly doubt it. They like both the ingredients, but not the mixture. No child with a child's natural dowry of fancy despises a good fairy tale; and no ordinarily intelligent child is disgusted with such elements of science as are fit for its comprehension, when simplified and popularized. But little boys and girls don't like being cajoled into a species of school lesson under pretence of reading a story of enchantment; and we must say that all the useful knowledge fairies we have ever encountered are dreadful prigs, with the bewitching trickiness of their race completely taken out of them. "A. L. O. E.'s" book, however, is a good one of its class. It really contains a great deal of information; and if the young ones do not object to the manner, of course we have nothing more to say.

Mr. Fenn's "Featherland, or How the Birds lived at Greenlawn," is a tale which will probably amuse children, being all about birds and beasts, who are made to talk in the manner of human beings. The last book on our list—"Fairy Land, or Recreation for the Rising Generation," by the late Thomas and Jane Hood, their Son and Daughter—is a second edition, and therefore known to the public. It is a charming collection of fairy tales, in which humour is quaintly blended with fancy.

#### ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.\*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

IN point of splendour, "Scenes from the Winter's Tale," illuminated by Owen Jones and Henry Warren, takes the lead of all the gift-books in the glittering pile before us. The classic taste of Mr. Henry Warren and the decorative skill of Mr. Owen Jones,

\* Scenes from "The Winter's Tale." Illuminators, Owen Jones and Henry Warren: on Stone by A. Warren. London: Day & Son.

Enoch Arden. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated by Arthur Hughes. London: Moxon & Co.

Pen and Pencil Pictures from the Poets. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo.

Gems of Literature—Elegant, Rare, and Suggestive. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo.

Passages from Modern English Poets. Illustrated by the Junior Etching Club. London: Day & Son.

Handbook of Christian Symbolism. By W. & G. Audley, Architects. London: Day & Son.

Historic Scenes in the Life of Martin Luther. Described by J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. Illustrated by P. H. Labouchere. London: Day & Son.

An Alphabet of Monograms, for the Use of Engravers, Enamellers, &c. Comprising upwards of 500 Designs. By Henry Lillie. London: Day & Son.



when combined, would be sure to lead to the production of a work of mark; but in the present instance we think they have not judiciously chosen their subject. They were happier in their selection three or four years ago, when they took the story of "Paradise and the Peri." Moore's poetry lent itself perfectly to the mode of illustration adopted; there was a dreamy luxuriousness in the ornamental surroundings of the scenes depicted, which seemed to have been inspired by the innermost spirit of the subject, and reproduced itself in the mind of the beholder with an impressiveness at once subtle and delightful. No such effect, we imagine, will be produced by the present volume. Shakespeare's well-known scenes come home too directly to the heart and to the "mind's eye" to bear fanciful translation. If the painter who decorated the interior of the house of the tragic poet at Pompeii could have been commissioned to paint a series of wall-pictures reproducing the principal scenes in "The Winter's Tale," he might have left, for discovery sixteen hundred years later, works very similar in design to those now set before us by Messrs. Henry Warren and Owen Jones. We can only regard the work as a piece of artistic eccentricity, which may be pleasing enough to the eye, but which will not give satisfaction to persons of highly cultivated taste. As a specimen of printing in colours it is as admirable as any of the other works issued from the well-known office of Day & Son.

Mr. Tennyson has not been very fortunate in having his "Enoch Arden" placed in the hands of Mr. Arthur Hughes for pictorial illustration. A fine and, upon the whole, not extremely difficult subject has here been treated by a draughtsman who, as far as we can see, possesses not one qualification for the work. Few books have of late years been published at the charge of a guinea with so little to warrant the price set upon them. The illustrations, as they are called, in the present volume are simply so many blemishes, so many hindrances thrown in the way of the reader who desires to give himself up to the sad, sweet spirit of the poet's story. The figure subjects look as if they had been studied directly from lay-figures feebly posed, and the landscapes are about equal to the sketches commonly to be found in the albums of young ladies "with a taste for drawing."

"Pen and Pencil Pictures from the Poets," issued by W. P. Nimmo, of Edinburgh, is a remarkably favourable example of the capabilities of the Scottish press, and of the book-illustrators of the northern metropolis. The subjects chosen for illustration are from the works of the best English, Scotch, and American poets, and exhibit great good taste in the selection. More important, however, are the illustrations—five-and-thirty in number, and for the most part furnished by Scottish draughtsmen. Some of these are extremely good, especially those of Mr. Hugh Cameron, which, both in feeling and in execution, recall the book-illustrations of the late William Mulready. The faculty of Mr. Hugh Cameron is perfectly original, however, and will entitle him to a foremost place among the book-illustrators—of those worthy to be so called, we mean—of the day. On the whole, Mr. Nimmo's volume is one which most lovers of good poetry well illustrated would care to possess. We do not say that out of the thirty-five pictures given there are not some bad ones; there are, in fact, some very bad ones; but the good are greatly in excess of the bad, and some of these are very good. To another gift-book, issued by the same publisher, we cannot accord equal praise. "Gems of Literature" is a very poorly illustrated volume, the gorgeous outside of which reminds us somewhat of the pictorial delusions exhibited on the exterior of the show-caravans at country fairs. Our main objection to the book is that it has been put together apparently without design. It wants editing. Half of the passages selected do not in the least answer to the title of "gems" which has been bestowed upon them. Opening the plays of Shakespeare for the purpose of selecting a "gem" from his writings, Amiens' song in "As You Like It" is not the first passage that would tempt the gem-seeker. But, at all events, if the compiler of the present volume, for reasons not obvious, chose to extract "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," he was bound to give the entire song, with its refrain of "Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly," &c. We can only imagine that the selection was made for young readers, and from that point of view we find it extremely faulty. To make it serviceable to young people, the information conveyed as to the authorship of the selected passages should be more full. For example, it is not enough to entitle Dr. Johnson's famous letter to the Earl of Chesterfield, "The Author to his Patron;" the circumstances under which the letter was written, and the name of the person to whom it was addressed, should have been given. Unacquainted with the facts of the case, the youthful reader must necessarily miss a great deal of the moral of the writer's fine sarcasm. A very little trouble bestowed upon the formation of this volume might have served to make it a tolerably good book of its class. As it is, we can say nothing in its praise.

We imagine the Junior Etching Club, if it had been canvassed, would rather the Messrs. Day had not reissued the volume of their sketches published four years back. Several artists who in the interval have made more or less distinguished reputations appear in the volume of 1861 to anything but advantage. In fact, their drawings were, at the time, hardly worth publication otherwise than for private circulation. Of the forty-five plates collected in the present volume, it is remarkable, indeed, how very few exhibit any trace of striking talent in the conception of the subjects dealt with. Even with regard to the use of the etching point, the failure of most of the members of the Junior Etching Club is remarkable. Among those who have attempted landscapes,

the most successful etcher is Mr. A. J. Lewis. But we feel that it is hardly fair to the contributors of these pictures to criticise works produced so long ago. To those who are interested in the fascinating art of etching, these fifty odd attempts by professional artists and amateurs of rank—Viscount Bary and Lord G. Fitzgerald to wit—will be welcome. Each subject is illustrated by one or more poems tastefully selected—chiefly from modern authors—by the late Alaric A. Watts, which gives to the volume something of general interest.

Another re-issued book—"Historic Scenes in the Life of Martin Luther"—comes to us also from the Messrs. Day. It is composed of a series of sketches of the most important events in the life of Luther, written by Merle D'Aubigné, and illustrated with twelve steel engravings executed in a hard and conventional manner by foreign engravers, from paintings by P. H. Labouchere. With a modesty in excess of the occasion, M. Merle D'Aubigné says of his part of the volume, "I know that in publications of this kind the whole attention is directed to the plates, and that the letter-press holds a secondary rank." In the present instance we think the written descriptions furnished by the eminent author of "The History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century," by far the more interesting portion of the work, without undervaluing the pictures by Mr. Labouchere, which have at least the negative merit of minute truthfulness of detail. Their grand fault is their theatricalness; they have been painted "on the spot," and with a "purpose," which has robbed the subjects of their simple natural sentiment. The mechanical execution of the engravings has still further lowered their quality.

Messrs. W. & G. Audsley's "Handbook of Christian Symbolism" will, to a great extent, supply a real want. The growing taste for church decoration necessarily leads to a craving for knowledge on the subject. Symbolism is enshrined in the very heart of Christian art, and, therefore, at least a general understanding of its principles is indispensable to the revival of ecclesiastical architecture. The present work is more directly addressed by the authors to their fellow-architects; but to the unprofessional student of Christian art it will be found of great use, copiously illustrated as it is with examples of all the more important symbolical forms, printed in colours.

Mr. Henry Lillie, of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, has designed an "Alphabet of Monograms," for the use of engravers, die-sinkers, herald-painters, and others, illustrated with upwards of 500 designs, some of them exhibiting extraordinary skill in the interlacing of a number of letters—as in the names, Victoria, Napoleon, Eugenie, Albert-Edward, and Alexandra. It seems to us admirably adapted for use as a table-book.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Atlantic Telegraph.* By W. H. Russell, LL.D. Illustrated by Robert Dudley. Dedicated, by Special Permission, to his Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. (Day & Son.)—It is no disparagement to Mr. Russell's admirable account of the Atlantic Telegraph expedition to say that probably the most attractive part of the present volume to the general public will be the very striking and picturesque chromo-lithographs with which Mr. Dudley has illustrated the text. We have all read Mr. Russell's briefer narrative of the ill-fated attempt, published immediately after the return of the *Great Eastern*; and, though the present more elaborate history possesses great interest, and a permanent value as a record, by a keen-eyed and intelligent observer, of a most remarkable scientific experiment, it will perhaps be rather glanced over than read by all not immediately concerned in the success of ocean telegraphy. The pictures, however, will be hung over with curiosity and delight at hundreds of drawing-room tables. They are, indeed, excellent—some of the best specimens we have seen of the chromo-lithographic art. They are twenty-six in number, and trace the history of the cable from its cradle at the Greenwich works to its grave in the bed of the Atlantic. We have several scenes on board the *Great Eastern*, showing the various operations connected with the gigantic cable; and some capital views in Newfoundland and on the western coast of Ireland. Particularly admirable as works of art and beautiful pictures are the illustrations entitled "Trinity Bay, Newfoundland: Exterior View of Telegraph House in 1857-8"—a cold, snowy scene, with dark firs and darker cloud-drifts; "Foilhammerum Bay, Valentia, looking Seawards from the Point at which the Cable reaches the Shore;" "The Cliffs, Foilhammerum Bay: Point of the Landing of the Shore End of Cable, July 22nd" (1865), and "Foilhammerum Bay, Valentia, from Cromwell Fort: the *Caroline* and Boats laying the Earth-wire, July 21st." These are all most pictorial, and indeed the whole collection deserves the highest praise. The cover, also, with its rich green and gold, its arms and flags of England and the United States, its sea-shells, and its coils of rope, is both rich and tasteful, and fit to associate with so handsome and interesting a volume.

*Hide and Seek; or, the Mystery of Mary Grice.* By Wilkie Collins. A New Edition. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)—The novel which Mr. Wilkie Collins now reprints was originally published in the year 1854 (which the author prefers to set forth in words, rather than in figures), and in the crisis of the war fever did not excite as much attention as it possibly might have done at a more quiet season. Mr. Collins therefore re-issues it with a preface which, for its tone of placid egotism, we must regard as in very bad taste. We are informed that—"This novel ranks the third, in order of succession, of the works of fiction which I have produced." Then we are told that its author has refused various proposals for reprinting it, because he was anxious to wait until it could make its reappearance "on a footing of perfect equality with my other works." He has now corrected and



recast certain parts; and—"With such advantages as my diligent revision can give it, 'Hide and Seek' now appeals, after an absence of seven years [the preface bears date September, 1861], for another hearing. I cannot think it becoming—especially in this age of universal self-assertion—to state the grounds on which I believe my book to be worthy of gaining more attention than it obtained, through accidental circumstances, when it was first published. Neither can I consent to shelter myself under the favourable opinions which many of my brother writers—and notably, the great writer to whom 'Hide and Seek' is dedicated—expressed of these pages when I originally wrote them. I leave it to the reader to compare this novel—especially in reference to the conception and delineation of character—with the two novels ('Antonina' and 'Basil') which preceded it; and then to decide whether my third attempt in fiction, with all its faults, was, or was not, an advance in Art on my earlier efforts." One would think Mr. Collins was writing of some great classic—at any rate, not of himself. When adopting such a tone, it was hardly in keeping to talk disdainfully of "this age of universal self-assertion."

*The Red Shirt.* Episodes by Alberto Mario. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)—The name of Alberto Mario is well known, not only in Italy, but in England, as that of a gentleman who has long been identified with the Republican party in the land which has of late years attracted so much of the attention of Europe, and who, some time back, married a young English lady—Miss Jessie Meriton White—also an enthusiastic follower of the Italian democrats, and sometimes not a very wise one. The papers here reprinted under the characteristic title of "The Red Shirt" originally appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, where they were from time to time noticed by us. They consist of six episodes of Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily and Naples, and of his subsequent dictatorship. Signor Mario writes in a very lively and rattling fashion; and, though one cannot help suspecting him sometimes of giving a little colouring to his facts, we have no doubt they are for the most part reliable, as, having been one of Garibaldi's Staff officers, he had good opportunities of observing the truth. The book is certainly very entertaining, and it will form another agreeable addition to the records, already numerous, of a wonderful and successful expedition.

*Australia for the Consumptive Invalid: the Voyage, Climates and Prospects for Residence.* By Isaac Baker Brown, Jun., late Surgeon-Superintendent of H. M. Emigration Service, &c. (Hardwicke.)—Mr. Brown is of the modern opinion that consumptive patients ought rather to be sent to cool, bracing climates than to countries of tropical heat. He also, in consumption and in all other complaints, finds that mere change alone, and especially the thorough change offered by a long sea-voyage, is especially beneficial. Various parts of Australia he regards as peculiarly suited to sufferers from consumption; and in the volume before us we have an account of the author's personal investigations into the climate and other characteristics of the great southern continent during a visit he paid there some time ago. The great drawback from the healthiness of Australia appears to be the hot wind blowing at times from the centre, and which has much of the ill effects of the simoom. Otherwise, the land is for the most part healthy; and all who contemplate emigrating there should consult Mr. Brown's little volume, which is full of information of a sanitary nature.

*God's Week of Work.* By Evan Lewis, B.A., F.R.G.S., F.E.S. (F. Pitman.)—In this brief volume—dedicated, with a feeling of expansive goodwill, to "Sunday-school teachers and young men, members of Christian Associations, Mutual Improvement and Debating Societies, in Great Britain and the world"—Mr. Evan Lewis enters into an examination of the Mosaic Six Days in relation to natural and physical science, and gives an exposition of Chapters 1 and 2 of Genesis, together with a new translation. His object is to reconcile the discoveries of science with the statements of the Scriptural narrative—a task in which he has had many predecessors. In the execution of this task he shows considerable ingenuity and learning; but the subject is too grave to be handled within the limits of the brief paragraph to which the numerous demands on our space compels us to limit ourselves. We must therefore be content with handing it over to the rather large public glanced at in the dedication.

*The Boy's Book of Trades and the Tools used in Them.* By One of the Authors of "England's Workshops." (Routledge & Sons.)—*The Boy's Own Treasury of Sports and Pastimes.* By the Rev. J. G. Wood, J. H. Pepper, Bennett, Miller, and Others. (Same Publishers.)—*Sermons to Schoolboys.* Second Series. By the Rev. J. S. Howson, D.D. (Longmans.)—The boys of the present day ought to consider themselves very well looked after. Here are three books in which they are respectively taught all the trades under the sun (or thereabouts), how to amuse themselves, and how to be virtuous and exemplary. What more can they want? Nothing more than a little addition to their pocket-money, to enable them to buy so much that is calculated to guide, instruct, and entertain them.

*Odds and Ends.* Nos. IX. and X. (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.)—The last two numbers of this excellent miscellany of occasional essays consists of "Wayside Thoughts of an Asophophosopher," No. 3, by D'Arcy W. Thompson, and "The Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character," by Mr. Fronde. In the former, a very favourable view is taken of Scottish education and of the Queen's Colleges, Ireland; in the latter, of the Scottish character, nationally considered. Both are exceedingly thoughtful papers, though of course opinions will differ as to the views contained in them.

*Queer Customers: what they did and what they didn't.* Promiscuously set down by their Contemporary, Bartle O'Barry. (Routledge & Sons.)—The stories here "set down" are chiefly Irish. They are of no great pretension, but may amuse the inveterate story-reader for a little time.

We have also received a second edition of *Elements of the German Language*, by Friedrich Otto Froembling, Ph.D., Part I. (Nutt & Co.);—a new edition of *Entanglements*, by the author of "Mr. Arle," &c. (Smith, Elder, & Co.);—Dr. Underhill's celebrated *Letter to Mr.*

*Cardwell, with Illustrative Documents on the Condition of Jamaica, and an Explanatory Statement* (Miall);—*Anthropology and the British Association*, reprinted from the *Anthropological Review* for October, 1865 (Fribner & Co.);—No. I. of *Cassell's Illustrated Bunyan*, of the pictures in which we will not speak until we have seen more of them;—the *Young Ladies' Journal* for January;—the *Choir and Musical Record Almanack* for 1866;—the *British Workman* for 1865;—and the *Band of Hope Review* for 1865.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

VISITORS to Paris may have noticed in the booksellers' windows there a franc edition of a French version of Thackeray's celebrated "Yellow Plush Papers" and "James's Diary," under the title of "Mémoires d'un Valet de Pied." Well, there is a little story connected with this translation which very vividly sets before us the difference between publishing in Paris and publishing in London. The industrious translator, Mr. William L. Hughes, well known in the French capital for his knowledge of both English and French literature, was anxious to secure the copyright of his labour, and obtain the usual stamp from the Government officials. For that purpose, he sent his written request with a copy of the book to the Paris Board of Index for their authorization and protection. After a considerable time—occupied, it may be presumed, in carefully examining Thackeray's humour—the officials determined to refuse the license for the following sublime reason:—"Because the book contains strictures on the British aristocracy of such intense acerbity that remonstrance from her Majesty's Government might be the consequence of its authorized circulation."

It is now denied that Victor Hugo is suffering from ophthalmia, and that he has given up reading and writing. In a letter to a friend he says:—"I have never deserted my old friends, my books, nor my tool, my pen."

Apropos of a recent article in the *Railway News*, entitled "The Charing-cross Custom House," a correspondent, having an extensive knowledge of the foreign bookselling trade, has sent to the *Publishers' Circular* some remarks upon the Tauchnitz editions of English popular books, so well known to Continental travellers, and on the arrangements made with English authors for the same:—"The English public (says this correspondent) will be surprised to learn that the sums at which the copyrights of their standard authors are bought, are, as a rule, within the limits of £10 to £20; and that the highest amount ever paid by Tauchnitz to one of the foremost English authors now living did not exceed the sum of £100. It is to be remarked that the copyrights are, very wisely, for all future editions; and that the above sums apply in most cases to works comprising three volumes. There is evidently no 'sacrifice' or 'merit' in this. With a fixed sale of more than 5,000 subscribed copies, and an average sale of more than 10,000 copies of each new product of any tolerable author, and with the market open all over the world except England and the colonies, this collection is doubtless a very well-paying speculation. Nay, more; the desire to have their works published in one collection with the *crème de la crème* of English literature, and the unconsciousness of the great damage which is done to their original editions by the 'Tauchnitz Edition,' makes British authors overlook the ridiculously small sums offered to them by the Continental publisher, and they consent to part with their copyrights for ever, and for a trifle. When Victor Hugo dined one day with Mr. Haumann, the great reprinter of French works at Brussels, the latter, pointing to his park and mansion, said to him—'C'est votre imagination qui m'a obtenu cette réalité.' With more irony, and the same right, could Baron Tauchnitz address those words to his English authors and their English publishers. For the possibility of publishing his collection is based on the 'imagination' of the English authors, that what they get besides their English *honorarium* is profit, whilst it is a loss only, by damaging the sale of the original edition, and that of any future cheap edition published by the original publisher in England. The firm Tauchnitz have their depôts in New York, Paris, Russia, the Dutch colonies—everywhere. The sale of the 'Tauchnitz Edition' in the United States decreases the sale of the English editions much more than any other reprint published in America."

If foreign publishers are so grasping, what shall we say of our English booksellers? The chairman of the Pall Mall Library Company is evidently afraid of them, for at the recent half-yearly meeting he congratulated the shareholders that the directors of the Company "had been on their guard against placing themselves in the power of the publishers!" Are authors, librarians, and others, then, still at war with Paternoster-row, as in the days of the "Dunciad"? Mr. Thackeray, in a speech at one of the Royal Literary Fund dinners, once spoke of the pleasure he always experienced when visiting his publishers; but the Pall Mall Library Company does not seem to have held intercourse with them after so pleasant a fashion. Curly, it is said, kept a whole garret full of authors over his own shop; but surely the days are now past when publishers are to be considered as so many ogres, shouting for the blood of literary men.

Speaking of the Pall Mall Library Company, we are reminded that the last meeting was a very stormy one. It had been proposed to found a new library, and sell the plant and goodwill of the old one to the incomers; but the shareholders objected to this. From the report we learn that the books in the library had been purchased at a cost of £58,000, but that the same, owing to cheap editions and wear and tear, had become depreciated to the extent of £34,000. After the payment of the current expense for the whole year, the sum of £5,060. 9s. 4d. remained, according to the report, although this was doubted by some very energetic shareholders (amongst whom was a Mr. Eames, who eventually received a vote of thanks); these persisted in styling the Company by a name which a distinguished New York showman has lately used on the title of his book, and the proceedings of the meeting then being held a "farce." Eventually, dividends of 7½ per cent.,



and 6 per cent., were declared on the preferential shares of the Company; but Mr. Eames and his friends refused to join with the chairman's party, preferring rather to form themselves into a separate meeting, and consider the best means of winding up the company.

Strange errors are sometimes made in our English journals when they treat of American books and authors. We extract the following from the *American Publishers' Circular*:—"The *Athenæum* reviews the letters of 'Major Jack Downing,' originally published in America about thirty years ago, and treats it as a new book, though it was published a quarter of a century ago by Mr. Murray of London."

We read in the same journal the following remarks *à propos* of the recent death of Dr. Joseph Emerson Worcester, in his 82nd year:—"His first works were geographical and historical. About twenty-eight years ago he devoted his mind to lexicography, for which his learning, accuracy, ability, judgment, and industry eminently qualified him. In 1830, the first edition of his 'Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary' was published, and his crowning labour was his 'Dictionary of the English Language,' an illustrated quarto of 1,854 pages, published in 1860."

A French correspondent, speaking of the library at Compiègne, says—"It contains rare books and scarce documents. Among the latter is one which especially amused the great Emperor, being a recruiting paper addressed to the inhabitants of Picardy, dated 1766, endeavouring to induce them to enrol in the royal artillery regiment De la Fère, the identical corps which Bonaparte himself joined some years later. The inducements held out are that three times in the week this royal corps danced, twice a week the men played at rackets, and the rest of their time was occupied by skittles, leaping bars, and, lastly, by practice. *Les plaisirs y régnent* continues this seductive placard. The privates are well paid, and officers have sixty livres per month."

The new Volunteer company, known as "The Authors' Corps of Artillery," or the 4th Middlesex, are about to purchase two six-pounder Armstrong breech-loading guns, the money for which is to be raised out of a volume of miscellanies to be contributed by the different members. Amongst them, we believe, is the Poet Laureate, and the active manager of the Messrs. Moxon, Mr. J. B. Payne. The volume will be published by the Moxons.

"The Life and Writings of Juan de Valdés," by Benjamin B. Wiffen, with Valdés' "CX. Considerations," translated from the Italian, the editio princeps of 1550, by John T. Betts, is announced by Mr. Quaritch. Juan de Valdés, born towards the close of the 15th century, attained manhood both of body and mind just prior to the height of the power of the Inquisition in Spain. His religious works are about to be brought before the world as they never yet have been. The thoughts of this "master spirit," as moulded by him in the "CX. Considerations" in his vernacular, have been successfully embalmed in the Italian version, now re-translated by Mr. Betts; whilst they have been translated back into Spanish, and republished in a splendid edition by one of the most able of living Spanish scholars.

Dr. Charles Mackay, the *Times* correspondent at New York, has just arrived in London on a visit during the Christmas holidays. Early in the New Year, the doctor will return to his post, which is now not quite so arduous as it was during the late unhappy rebellion.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. have in the press "A Letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., on his recent Irenikon," by J. H. Newman.

Mr. MURRAY is about to publish a new work by Sir Bulwer Lytton, to be called "The Last Tales of Miletus."

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, & Co. have in preparation "A History of Persia, from the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century to the Year 1858, with a Review of the Principal Events that led to the Establishment of the Kajar Dynasty," by Robert Grant Watson; also, with portrait of the author, "Captain Gronow's Last Recollections," being the fourth and final volume of his "Anecdotes and Reminiscences."

Mr. BAILLIÈRE announces the following scientific works:—"Chemical Technology," by Richardson and Watts, Part V., completing "Acids and Alkalies;" Bernard's "Atlas of Surgical Anatomy Translated;" "Atlas of Surgical Operations," by Auger and Velpéau, illustrated with the original plates; and "Taine, Sur la Philosophie de l'Art," translated.

Mr. BENTLEY, in addition to the list of new books lately announced by us, will publish in a few days "The Heavens, an Illustrated Handbook of Popular Astronomy," by Amédée Guillemin, edited by J. Norman Lockyer, with 225 illustrations, coloured lithographs and woodcuts; Florence Marryat's new novel, "Woman against Woman," 3 vols.; "Club Life of London," by John Timbs, F.S.A., 2 vols.; "Charles Lamb, his Friends, his Haunts, and his Books," by Percy Fitzgerald, small 4to., with portrait, which work (it is stated) contains nothing that has been published in Talfourd's Biography; and a new series (being the third) of "Curiosities of Natural History," by Frank Buckland, M.A., 2 vols., with illustrations.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. announce for immediate publication, "The Gospel of the Resurrection: Thoughts on its Relation to Reason and History," by B. F. Westcott, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

MESSRS. TINSLEY BROTHERS promise, shortly, Vols. I. and II. of "The History of France under the Bourbons, from the Accession of Henry IV. to the Expulsion of Charles X.;" and "Ten Years in Sarawak," by Charles Brooke, the Tuan-Mudah of Sarawak, with numerous illustrations (uniform with Captain Burton's "Mission to Dahomey"), 2 vols.

Mr. ALEXANDER STRAHAN has nearly ready, "Alfred Hagart's Household," by Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," &c., 2 vols.; "Family Prayers for the Christian Year," by Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury; "The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded on Principles of Universal Obligation," by Horace Bushnell; "Eastward," by Norman Macleod, one of her Majesty's chaplains, illustrated, small 4to.; "Theology and Life," by E. H. Plumptre, Professor of Divinity and Chaplain, King's College, 1 vol.; "London Poems," by Robert Buchanan, author of "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn;" and "The Working Man and the Franchise: Lectures delivered at the Working Men's College, London," by Frederick Denison Maurice.

WHY VILLAGE HOSPITALS ARE WANTED.—There is great delicacy of feeling, although much ignorance, among our poor people. "We don't like to disturb the doctor," they say; "we don't like to bring him three miles to see us, if we can help it." And they will walk the three miles, with a sick child in their arms, to save him an extra drive in his gig. When scarlet fever broke out in this village, I saw a child of three years old, with the rash thickly spread over her neck and shoulders, sitting on the same bench with the other children in the school. "It flies to the little ones," the parents said, "and if we shut them up to keep out of the way, the Lord can find them, if he wants them, just the same." This little child was soon too ill to come to school, and when I went to the cottage where she lived, to ask after her, I found the door locked, and all the family out at work, except this young creature, whose small voice came quavering through a broken pane of glass in the window. "I'm in bed with the fever. Mother's gone a gleanng. The door's locked, and you can't get in." I could see the flushed little face lying on the pillow; a teapot was placed within the child's reach, out of the spout of which she drank from time to time. We used to come and talk to her through the broken pane, and to hand her in little things to please her. At last she got well. But another child, of the same age, a particularly sturdy little boy, was carried forth into the harvest field with the fever upon him. There was no proper shelter at hand where the child could be left; there was no doctor or nurse at hand to explain nature's laws to his parents. They laid their child down under a hedge while they went a gleanng. There was a hot sun and a cutting wind. The patient took cold and died. At the very same time there was a little boy in the house where I was staying, lying ill of the very same fever. He lay in an airy room, with his mother watching by his side. Disinfecting fluid was spread about the house. Bright fires burnt in the grates, the polished floors were uncarpeted, and fresh air blew through the open windows. The physician's well-appointed carriage stood at the door; and while he spoke cheerful words to the little patient lying smiling on his sheltered bed, the funeral bell began tolling for the burial of the village child. Close under the windows we could see the simple funeral procession turning into the churchyard. A small coffin, carried by four village-school boys; a father and mother, two little sisters and a brother, sobbing as they followed it to the grave. Through the open windows sounded the old familiar words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."—*Dickens's "All the Year Round."*

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Æsop's Fables*, translated by Croxall. New edit. Edited by G. F. Townsend. Feap., 5s.
- Acher (T.), *The Frogs' Parish Clerk*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
- Arnold (Rev. F.), *The Path in Earth to the Gate of Heaven*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
- Balfour (W. P.), *Glimpses of Jesus*. New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
- Barnard (G.), *Drawing from Nature*. Imp. 8vo., £1. 5s.
- Bedford (F.), *The Holy Land, Egypt, &c.* Photographs. 4to., £2. 2s.
- British Association, *Report of, 1865*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
- Browning (Mrs. E. B.), *Poems, Selections from*. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
- Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. New edit. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
- Campbell (Dr. J.), *Family Altar*. 4to., £1. 5s.
- Chapman (M. J.), *The new Idylls and Dramas*. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
- , *Greek Pastoral Poets*. 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
- Child Monitor (The). 18mo., 2s.
- Chorley (J. R.), *The Wife's Litany, Ballads*. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
- Collins (Wilkie), *Hide and Seek*. New edit. Feap., 2s. 6d.
- Dasent (G. W.), *The Story of Gisli, the Outlaw*. Sm. 4to., 7s. 6d.
- Daubigné (J. H.), *Historic Scenes in the Life of Luther*. 4to., 5s.
- Dowling (W.), *Names and Titles of our Lord*. Feap., 3s. 6d.
- Dulcken (H. W.), *Picture History of England*. Sm. 4to., 5s.
- Economy of Life, and Patient Boys. 1 vol. Feap. 2s. 6d.
- Ellicott (Bp.), *The Destiny of the Creature*. 4th edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
- Floral World (The). Vol. VIII. 8vo., 6s.
- Gatty (Mrs. A.), *Domestic Pictures and Tales*. Feap., 3s. 6d.
- Grattan (R.), *The Right to Think*. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
- Great Gun (The), by C. H. Ross. 8vo., 1s.
- Handbook (The) of Angling, by Ephemeris. New edit. Feap., 5s.
- Handy Calculator of Profits and Discounts. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
- Heart Cheer for Home Sorrow. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
- James (G. P. R.), *Sir Theodore Broughton*. Cheap edit. Feap., 1s.
- Leech (John), *The Follies of the Year*. Oblong folio, 21s.
- Lodge's *Peerage and Baronetage, 1866*. Royal 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
- Lillywhite's *Cricketer's Guide*. New edit. Feap., 1s.
- Life Lost and Saved. Feap., 5s.
- Lyra Sacra, by B. W. Savile. 3rd edit. Feap., 5s.
- Mac Farlane (Rev. J.), *The Mountains of the Bible*. New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
- Mackay (F. A.), *Poems, Pastorals and Songs*. Sq., 7s. 6d.
- Massey (W.), *History of England during the Reign of George III.* New edit. Vol. IV. Feap., 6s.
- Milton (Visct.) and Cheadle (W. B.), *The North-West Passage by Land*. 4th edit. 8vo., 21s.
- Moore (W. K.), *Life's Everlasting History*. Feap., 2s. 6d.
- Mother's Friend (The). Vol. for 1865. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
- North (Brownlow), *Ourselves*. Sq., 2s. 6d.
- Owen (R.), *On Anatomy of the Vertebrates*. Vol. I. 8vo., 21s.
- Packard (J. H.), *Lectures on Inflammation*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
- Passages from Modern English Poets. Illustrated by the Junior Etching Club. Royal 8vo., 10s. 6d.
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- Redding (C.), *Past Celebrities whom I have Known*. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
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- Songs in Suffering, edited by Rev. W. O. Purton. Feap., 3s.
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- Wordsworth's *Poetical Works*. Illustrated. New edit. 4to., 21s.



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## GOOD NEWS FOR FRENCH WINE DRINKERS.

To the Editor of the London Review.

SIR,—Your frequent and persistent advocacy of a more general use of light and pure wine leads us to hope that you will allow us to make a few remarks upon this subject, conceiving as we do that the measures we are about to adopt will have an important influence not only upon the prices, but upon the consumption of FRENCH WINES in this country.

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D.D., Dean of Norwich.  
The Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.  
Edward Romilly, Esq.  
The Rt. Hon. Spencer H. Walpole, M.P.  
Thomas Watson, Esq., M.D.  
The Rt. Hon. James Stuart Wortley.  
John Wray, Esq.  
John Copley Wray, Esq.

At the Eighth Quinquennial Division of Profits, in June, 1865, the ADDITIONS TO POLICIES WERE AT THE RATE OF 1½ PER CENT. PER ANNUM FOR THE 5 YEARS.

Amount accumulated from Premiums ..... £820,000  
Annual Income ..... 80,000  
Amount of Policies in existence ..... 1,500,000  
Additions already allotted ..... 740,000

CHARLES MCCABE, Secretary.



## SPECIAL NOTICE.

## BONUS YEAR, 1865.

SIXTH SEPTENNIAL DIVISION OF PROFITS.  
NINETY PER CENT. OF THE WHOLE PROFITS DIVIDED AMONG  
THE ASSURED.

THE BOOKS OF THE  
**NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE**  
INSURANCE COMPANY  
CLOSE ON 31st DECEMBER.

Proposals for LIFE INSURANCE must be lodged at the Head Office, in LONDON and EDINBURGH, or with the Agents of the Company, on or before the above date, otherwise the Policy will not be entitled to share in the Division of the Surplus then to be declared.

The FUND to be Divided will consist of the Profits accumulated during the Seven Years since 1858.

The MARKED SUCCESS which has attended the operations of this Company during the last two years is shown by the LARGE AMOUNT OF INSURANCES EFFECTED, viz.—

2311 NEW LIFE POLICIES, assuring ..... £1,988,437  
New Annual Premiums ..... £64,897

## FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Increase in Fire Premiums during the same period amounts to ..... £100,000  
Every facility offered to Insurers, and all kinds of business transacted.  
Forms of Proposals, and full information, may be had at the Head Offices, or from any of the Agents of the Company.

## HEAD OFFICES:

London..... 61, Threadneedle-street, E.C.  
West End Office 8, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.  
Edinburgh ..... 64, Prince's-street.

**PHENIX FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY,**  
LOMBARD STREET and CHARING CROSS, LONDON.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1782.

## TRUSTEES AND DIRECTORS.

Decimus Burton, Esq.	Edward Hawkins, Jun., Esq.
Travers Buxton, Esq.	Kirkman D. Hodgson, Esq., M.P.
The Hon. James Byng.	William James Lancaster, Esq.
Octavius Edward Coope, Esq.	John Dorrien Magens, Esq.
William Cotton, Esq.	John Timothy Oxley, Esq.
George Arthur Fuller, Esq.	Benjamin Shaw, Esq.
Charles Emanuel Goodhart, Esq.	Wm. James Thompson, Esq.
James Alexander Gordon, Esq.	Henry Heyman Toulmin, Esq.

## AUDITORS.

John Hodgson, Esq. | Peter Martineau, Esq.  
Joseph Samuel Lescher, Esq.

George William Lovell, *Secretary.*  
John J. Broomfield, *Assistant Secretary.*

Insurances against Loss by Fire are effected by the PHENIX COMPANY upon every description of Property, in every part of the World, on the most favourable terms.

The promptitude and liberality with which its engagements are always met by this Company are well known, and the importance of its relations with the Public may be estimated from the fact, that since its establishment it has paid more than *Eight Millions and a half Sterling* in discharge of Claims for Losses by Fire.

Insurances with this Company expiring at CHRISTMAS must be renewed within Fifteen days thereafter, or they will become void.

Receipts are now ready at the principal Offices, Lombard-street and Charing-cross, and with the respective Agents throughout the United Kingdom.

**THE GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE**  
COMPANY.

Established 1821. No. 11, Lombard-street, London, E.C.

REDUCTION OF FIRE INSURANCE DUTY.

Subscribed Capital Two Millions.

Total Invested Funds upwards of £2,750,000.

Total Income upwards of £320,000.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that FIRE POLICIES which expire at CHRISTMAS must be renewed within Fifteen Days at this Office, or with the Company's Agents throughout the Kingdom, otherwise they become void.

All Insurances now have the benefit of the REDUCED DUTY of 1s. 6d. per cent.

For Prospectus and other information apply to the Company's Agents, or to  
T. TALLEMACH, Secretary.

**SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,**  
48, ST. JAMES'S STREET, and 27, CANNON STREET, LONDON.

## TRUSTEES.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot  
Sir Claude Scott, Bart. | Henry Pownall, Esq.

The following figures will show an increase quite unprecedented in the history of the Company:—

The amount assured in 1862 was	£151,065
Ditto " in 1863 "	194,152
Ditto " in 1864 "	266,450

To ample security the Office adds the advantage of moderate rates and liberal management.

The bonuses declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to four-fifths of the premiums paid.

HENRY D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

**£100 for TWOPENCE.**—EXCURSIONISTS may secure this sum for their Families in CASE OF DEATH, or

**£1 Weekly** for themselves if injured by RAILWAY ACCIDENT, by taking an Insurance Ticket of the

**RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

SINGLE and DOUBLE Journey INSURANCE TICKETS to the DUBLIN EXHIBITION or elsewhere may also be obtained at all the RAILWAY STATIONS.

N.B.—Take your INSURANCE TICKET when you pay your Fare.

**ACCIDENTS TO LIFE OR LIMB,**  
In the FIELD, the STREETS, or at HOME,

may be insured against by an ANNUAL POLICY.  
64, CORNHILL, and 10, REGENT STREET.

W. J. VIAN, Secretary.

**THE GENERAL PROVIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY,**  
LIMITED.  
CAPITAL: HALF A MILLION.

## DIRECTORS.

THOMAS HATTERSLEY, Esq., (Chairman.)	Joseph A. Horner, Esq.
JOB CAUDWELL Esq., F.R.S.L. (Deputy-Chairman.)	The Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A.
Captain George Bayly.	The Right Hon. Lord Teynham.
Francis Brodigan, Esq., J.P.	
W. Paul Clift, Esq.	

GENERAL MANAGER.—Hubert Geo. Grist, Esq., F.R.S.

RESIDENT ACTUARY.—George S. Horsnail, Esq., A.I.A.

NEW and IMPORTANT features of Life Assurance have been introduced by this Company with marked success.

ADVANCES, to a large amount, have been made upon undoubted Securities.  
DEPOSIT NOTES issued for sums of £10 and upwards, upon which interest is allowed at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

DEBENTURES, with Monthly Subscriptions, similar to the Shares of Building Societies (but free from the risks of membership), bearing compound interest at 5 per cent., and withdrawable at any time, granted.

BONA FIDE INVESTORS, desirous of a safe and permanent means of employing capital, may obtain a few of the unallotted £10 Shares. Deposit, Ten Shillings on application, and Ten Shillings on allotment. Dividend 7½ per cent. per annum.

INFLUENTIAL AGENTS, prepared to work energetically, required, on LIBERAL TERMS, in all parts of the United Kingdom.

HUBERT GEO. GRIST, F.R.S., General Manager.

Chief Offices: 370, Strand, London, W.C.

**ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY (NEW**  
YORK DIVISION).—FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION } SECOND MORTGAGE BONDS.  
OHIO DIVISION }

INTEREST PAYABLE 1st January, at the Consolidated Bank (Limited).  
The COUPONS from the above Bonds will be PAID on MONDAY, the 1st January, at the rate of 4s. to the dollar, and must be left two clear days at the Office of the Company, 5, Westminster-chambers, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W., previously, for examination. If sent by post, a cheque for the amount will be remitted.

5, Westminster-chambers, Victoria-street, Westminster,  
Dec. 16, 1865.

**METROPOLITAN DISTRICT RAILWAY COMPANY.**

NOTICE is hereby given, that the INTEREST, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, will in future be paid half-yearly on the 1st January and 1st July.

On Monday, the 1st of January next, the proportion of interest accruing since the 13th September last will be paid at the Office of the Registrar of the Company, 27, Austin Friars.

Provisional Scrip Certificates to Bearer must be forwarded to the Registrar at the above Office, in order that the Dividend Warrants may be duly prepared.

27, Austin Friars, E.C.

F. RITSO, Registrar.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S GIFT:  
FIRST-CLASS PRIZE MEDAL, DUBLIN, 1865.

THE WORLD-RENOUNDED  
**WHEELER & WILSON**  
PRIZE MEDAL

**LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.**

From £9 and upwards,

WITH ALL RECENT IMPROVEMENTS AND ADDITIONS.

These Machines execute all descriptions of work in any material, with speed, strength, durability, beauty and economy. They are ornamental in the Drawing Room, a pleasant and healthful exercise in use, and can be worked by a child.

The 200,000th Machine of their Manufacture is now exhibiting at the Dublin Exhibition.

Instructions gratis to all Purchasers. Illustrated Prospectus gratis and post-free.

OFFICES AND SALE ROOMS, 139, REGENT STREET,  
LONDON, W.

**HEDGES & BUTLER, WINE MERCHANTS, &c.**  
Recommend and GUARANTEE the following WINES:

## SHERRY.

Good Dinner Wine, 24s., 30s., 36s. per dozen; fine pale, golden, and brown Sherry, 42s., 48s., 54s., 60s.; Amontillado, for invalids, 60s.

## CHAMPAGNE.

Sparkling, 36s., 42s.; splendid Epernay, 48s., 60s.; pale and brown Sillery, 66s. 78s.; Veuve Clicquot's, Perrier and Joutet's, Moët and Chandon's, &c.

## PORT.

For ordinary use, 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s.; fine old "Beeswing," 48s., 60s.; choice Port of the famed vintages 1847, 1840, 1834, 1820, at 72s. to 120s.

## CLARET.

Good Bordeaux, 18s., 20s.; St. Julien, 24s., 30s., 36s.; La Rose, 42s.; Leoville, 48s.; Latour, 54s.; Margaux, 60s., 72s.; Lafite, 72s., 84s., 96s.

## BURGUNDY.

Macon and Beaune, 30s., 36s., 42s.; St. George, 42s.; Chambertin, 60s., 72s.; Côte Rôtie, 60s., 72s., 84s.; Corton, Nuits, Romanée, Clos-de-Vougeot, &c.; Chablis, 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s.; Montrachet and St. Peray, sparkling Burgundy, &c.

## HOCK.

Light Dinner Hock, 24s., 30s.; Nierstein, 36s., 42s.; Hochheimer, 48s., 60s., 72s.; Liebfraumilch, 60s., 72s.; Johannesberger and Steinberger, 72s., 84s., to 120s.

## MOSELLE.

Still Moselle, 24s., 30s.; Zeltinger, 36s., 42s.; Brauneberger, 48s., 60s.; Muscatel, 60s., 72s.; Scharzberg, 72s., 84s.; sparkling Moselle, 48s., 60s., 66s., 78s.  
Fine Old Pale Cognac Brandy, 60s. and 72s. per dozen; very choice Cognac, vintage 1805 (which gained the first-class gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1855), 144s. per dozen. Foreign Liqueurs of every description. On receipt of a Post-office Order or Reference, any quantity will be forwarded immediately by

**HEDGES & BUTLER,**

London, 165, Regent-street, W.; and 30, King's-road, Brighton.

(Originally established A.D. 1667.)

## DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.

**KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.**—This celebrated old Irish Whisky gained the Dublin Prize Medal. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in Bottles, 3s. 8d., at the retail houses in London; by the agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 8, Great Windmill-street, London, W. Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."